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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	241	MIDDLE ARTICLES—continued.		CORRESPONDENCE—continued.	
LEADING ARTICLES:		War and Civilisation. By H. J. Marshall	250	A Mystical Quatrain	255
The Coming Climax of the Whole War	244	VERSE:		Education and Eugenics	255
Mr. Asquith and the Report	244	Brigadier-General the Lord Binning, C.B., M.V.O.	252	Happy Hammersmith	255
Twenty-one, Abingdon Street	246	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Tichborne Case	255
		Sir Douglas Haig	252	Wanted—A Conservative Party	255
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 137). By Brigadier-General F. G. Stone, C.M.G.	247	Eton War Memorial	252	Toujours en Vedette	256
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		"The Domestic Crimes of Germany"	253	The Hohenzollerns	256
The Militarist	248	Coinage Decimatisation Bill	253	The World and the Church	256
A Plea for More Public-houses. By An Old Soldier	249	Scott as Stylist	253	REVIEWS:	
		The Case for Economic Reform	254	Galloway and Carrick	257
				Shakespeare Again	257
				An American Humorist	259
				Latest Books	260

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The death of the Duchess of Connaught will be deeply regretted by millions of the King's subjects. "Great honours are great burdens." She lived the strenuous life of active Royalty with her husband, and the great impression they made recently in Canada is but one instance of success in a series of duties carried out for the advantage of the national weal. In India in 1903 and in South Africa in 1910 the Duchess was equally untiring in her gracious work. Yet she was not fond of display, and the simplicity of her home life revealed the best English traditions. Sincere and devoted, she was not the less a Princess for being the best of wives and mothers.

The man who was made so uneasy at the retreat of the Germans from impregnable position after impregnable position on the Ancre lately must be getting used to it, case-hardened as it were, against apparent ambushes. He may abate his grave head-shakings and statements of "I can't imagine what Haig's thinking of in going after the Germans"; "It's all a trick of those cunning beggars—they are going to ambush us"; "Besides, where's our great offensive now?" "No, I confess I don't like it". He must be beginning to doubt whether he was right about these ambushes and cunning beggars' tricks; for, shifting once more this week, the Germans have this time abandoned the ridge that commands Bapaume itself. Bapaume is clearly getting into the stage that Thiépyal and Combles were in mid-September last year. The British are closing in.

Nor is it at all certain that the retreat will end there and a new impregnable line stiffen up forthwith against the British Army. The Germans may go back substantially farther before they stop and shorten their line. Their retreat is very likely sound policy at the present time, although it will not encourage their soldiers in the field or their workers at home. Without being in any way a trap for the Allies, or a master-stroke of strategic cunning, as a school of people in

this country imagined, it may none the less be a judicious step in the conditions. A much shorter and stouter line, even at the forfeit of much territory handed back to France, and at the forfeit of military renown and pride, may be the better plan for the German army with the British Army pressing relentlessly at its heels and with the artillery giving it no respite. We should not, then, underrate the use of the retreat to the Germans, for to stay much longer in their Ancre and Somme positions would have been inviting disaster.

So they have left, leaving behind them a number of forts the extraordinary ingenuity and strength of which Vauban and the old masters of defensive war never dreamt of. We have seen some of these modern forts during the past six months, and they are amazing. To the outward view they appear utterly crude. They might be the work of prehistoric man viewed thus—mere ugly, formless humps above the ground and holes beneath it. Yet what terrible traps for any but the wariest of attackers supported by the mightiest of unnerving guns! Some of these fortresses will soon degrade like the ancient British earthworks and "camps" in the South of England. Others will, in the days to come, be show places for tourists from all parts of the world.

The French this week have snatched back most of the ground they lost on 13 February to the Germans in the Champagne; and they have taken a good number of prisoners. The Germans admit the loss, tartly suggesting, however, that it has cost the French heavily in blood. Very close to this fight—at the Maisons des Compagne, south of Ripont—is the scene of the most savage fighting in the great French offensive of September 1915. It is very difficult country, and at certain high spots here, such as "Viper's Hill", the enemy looks almost impossible to dislodge. The writer chanced to be in this country not long ago and passed through the ruined village of Massiges. The French feat here in 1915 was extraordinarily gallant.

By a swift, unerring feat of arms Baghdad was captured last week; and already our cavalry are thirty miles higher up stream! No doubt "Hamburg to Baghdad" represents roughly a set German—not merely pan-German—ambition. But Germany did not go to war for that alone. Her vast ambition was to overthrow, if possible separately, three great rivals in Europe, get Austria in vassalage, and win a way to the East as secure and acknowledged German as a railroad with its terminus in Berlin. The capture of Baghdad by the thorough and avenging action of General Sir Stanley Maude's little army has therefore struck a hard blow at German pride and ambition. The Turkish armies have been stiffened by German officers and by German military science and prowess, as were the Austrian armies, but they have suffered none the less a complete and most humiliating defeat, and they have lost a place that matters immensely for modern purposes as well as for the hold its name has on imagination and superstition. Baghdad is not Berlin; it is far from being even Constantinople; but it is a very real gain. It might be safely described as a lesser trump card in the game of war played at a fortunate moment in the right way. The Teuton has lost that trick.

We are especially glad of this feat of arms in that it naturally is very acceptable to Russia. Two Russian armies have been campaigning in Asia for a long while past against gigantic difficulties, and our early misfortunes in Mesopotamia were somewhat disheartening from their point of view. Baghdad puts quite another complexion on things. Though hundreds of miles separate the Allies, in a sense we are in Russia's special province in that part of the world. It all suggests Constantinople and the Dardanelles, which are absolute part of the Entente arrangement, and it will serve to bring the two nations into closer sympathy. Some of the comment which loquacious papers and politicians allow themselves here over the internal affairs of Russia is over free. Helping Russia in the field—and in a field where she is particularly interested—will pay better than discussing her so-called reactionaries, dark forces, etc.

On Tuesday, in the House, Mr. Macpherson gave some figures of our recent losses in the air during the last six weeks. The average weekly casualties during that period were, omitting decimal points, seven killed, eight wounded, and four missing. He also stated that the War Office was satisfied for the moment that the best type of machine was being used, though there were still machines not up to latest standard being replaced as quickly as possible. The figures quoted are serious, but it must be remembered that our splendid airmen never shun risks so long as they can achieve their object. The Germans, reinforced and rested by the winter, are now able to put up a serious opposition which is concentrated against our airmen on the Western front. The position at present Mr. Macpherson described as undecided, like that at the same period of last year. Severe fighting will take place before we establish the superiority that was a marked feature of the operations of last summer. Everyone who knows our airmen will be confident of their ability to put the Germans on the defensive, and supply eyes for the Army when the enemy has none.

As was expected, President Wilson has given orders for the arming of merchantmen, and the Memorandum of the basis of procedure, which will not be published textually, is reported as explaining that German submarines may be treated as pirates, and that commanders within the barred zones have the absolute right to fire on them unless they show unmistakable signs of adhering to cruiser law, which cannot be observed without violating the orders of the German Admiralty. The State Department has also ruled that commercial vessels armed fore as well as aft may use American ports. Such arming is expected to become general among European vessels. Late in the

week the shelling and sinking of the American steamer "Algonquin" seemed to afford an occasion for recognising that "overt act" which President Wilson regards as necessary to create a state of war. But by present advices he does not intend to take the plunge now.

At the end of last week the German reply to the Chinese protest against unrestricted submarine warfare was handed to the Government. Germany expresses the surprise now usual in such documents, and speaks of willingness to negotiate a plan for the protection of Chinese life, property, shipping and rights. "Germany adopts a conciliatory policy because once relations are severed, China will not only lose a good friend, but will become entangled in unthinkable difficulties." This altruistic tone has not worked; it is a little thin at this stage in the war. The Chinese Government has severed diplomatic relations with Germany and taken possession of the German merchantmen at Shanghai.

We do not think that the demand for the publication of the evidence before the Dardanelles inquiry is seriously, or at any rate literally, meant. It is, of course, utterly impossible to take such a step during the war—or during the settlement after the war. As it is several things have slipped out—through the Report—about other countries, which had better have been left unprinted. Freedom of speech and freedom of print as it relates to home affairs and the reputation of public men here is one thing; as it relates to foreign countries, either Allies or neutrals, quite another. Sir Edward Grey no doubt would be the first to deprecate such a reckless step as publishing the evidence of the Dardanelles enquiry.

The attempt to inflame the cotton operatives and capitalists of Lancashire against the Government arrangement as to the new Indian  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. import duty succeeded up to a point. There was a taint in the sympathy for Lancashire which the papers and partisans have been eagerly expressing; some wanted to avenge Free Trade, others to strike the Government. Unfortunately the cotton interest in Lancashire is too easy to inflame in the matter—the deputation to Mr. Chamberlain this week showed that—even without the efforts of firebrand partisans, who are keener on their politics than on winning the war. Mr. Chamberlain was obliged to face the deputation with an absolute uncompromising "No." If he had prevaricated he would have raised a storm in India without allaying that which is threatening in Lancashire. Whilst as to going back on the decision and putting the duty on its former status, that would be simply fatal. India would never forgive the slight; Lancashire must surely perceive this.

When the cotton question came before Parliament on Wednesday it was disposed of in the right way. The House of Commons agreed to accept India's noble contribution of a hundred million pounds towards the cost of the war, which contribution hangs on the new import arrangement. So the episode closes. Mr. Asquith would not be enticed by mischief-movers in his camp. He backed the Government.

In a well-primed allusion, by the way, to Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain said: "I know his loyalty to colleagues." This loyalty in Mr. Asquith has often been written of; it has been over and over again decried for a weakness in a Prime Minister; and the writer of some interesting notes in the "Pall Mall Gazette" tells us that it was later discussed anew in the Lobby. If it be a weakness how are we to account for the fact that, alike, big men and medium men and little men lacking in it are of no use to God or to mankind?

Sir George Cave announced on Tuesday the Government's intention to appoint a Parliamentary Secretary to the Director of National Service, and spoke of a



seat in the House for that official. Mr. Neville Chamberlain is not, it appears, at present anxious to write "M.P." after his name. On Monday he told a gathering representing industrial insurance companies and societies that where a volunteer really had grounds for considering himself ill-suited in the occupation assigned to him, they were going to give him a chance of appeal to a court which would consist of the National Service Sub-Commissioner as chairman and four others, two representing the employer and two the employed, who would generally be taken from a district near where the applicant lived.

Mr. Chamberlain's staff is now considerable, numbering 692 persons. He has agreed to an advisory committee of M.P.'s which may also include experts, to which he will submit his proposals before taking action, but various attempts in the House during the week to modify the provisions of the Ministry of National Service Bill have been defeated.

The trial of the four persons charged with conspiring to murder Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Henderson was concluded on Saturday. Mrs. Wheeldon was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, her daughter Winnie and her son-in-law, the chemist Mason, to five and seven years respectively, their age being considered on the recommendation of the jury. The other daughter was found not guilty and discharged. The defence was of the flimsiest sort, and the prisoners' counsel seriously suggested that trial by ordeal should be adopted to prove their innocence. Mr. Justice Low called attention to the fact that two of the prisoners were entrusted with the teaching of the young, yet used language by word and written letter which would be foul in the mouth of the lowest hooligan. Shocking as this is, it is not a condemnation of school teachers in general. The whole proceedings of the prisoners were totally abnormal and un-English, though they form a striking object-lesson of the lengths to which the vicious and unpatriotic crank will go. Such conduct as that of the Wheeltons is, we hope and believe, very rare in this country. But degeneracy, even when it does not sink to callous brutality, is always dangerous, and must be watched and stamped out.

Ciro's Restaurant, late the haunt of the "nuts", is evidently not considered so desirable a place for the Army. Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District, has put it out of bounds for all our troops. He has also issued an amended order, which makes it impossible for any member of the Naval or Military Forces to get a meal after 10 p.m. on licensed premises unless he is staying there or is a bona-fide "traveller". A distance of ten miles from his last night's lodging will be required to confer that status on him. The "nut", in his light-hearted way, liked to turn night into day. He was hopelessly extravagant, and not particularly fond of the "old things" at home when he had the means to go elsewhere. Our young Army is equally light-hearted; its enjoyments on leave are not grudged by anybody, but its ideals should be somewhat different from those of the "nuts". In most cases, we feel sure, they are.

Our Army is wonderfully young and active all through. The men of forty or so would surprise their average ancestors a century since. Was Mr. Pickwick of military age? It might almost seem so, in spite of his privileges as a nice old gentleman kissed by all the girls and quite ready to retaliate in kind. When he was sliding he explained that he "used to do so, on the gutters, as a boy", but hadn't "done such a thing these thirty years". The boy satisfied with sliding in gutters would not be much above ten, and this would make Pickwick a man of forty or so! He was certainly exceptionally active in running and climbing, and a twenty-five mile walk as a means of working off a heavy meal suggests pretty good training. (This last feat was more characteristic of Dickens himself than of the bulky Pickwickians.)

On the other hand, he was old enough to cause surprise when he took to speckled silk stockings and smartly tied pumps.

The many inconsistencies in "Pickwick" make such evidence of little value, but the fact remains that a hundred years since the man of forty was much older, much less active and competent, than he is now. Thackeray, in his poem on "The Age of Wisdom", when you come to forty year, ends with "dipping my nose in the Gascon wine". There is one reason for the change. In the early years of the last century the wine was overdone. Look at the drinks in "Pickwick"; they are endless. To require brandy, as Mr. Pickwick did in moments of emotion, and run as he did is the feat not of a man but of an angel in gaiters. John Bull since his day has become more temperate. His form is much less bulky at forty, his face is sharper. He has improved in figure and training. He took the lead in climbing the Alps; he developed that zeal for sport so frequently decried by our reformers.

Convictions for drunkenness in the large towns of England, Scotland, and Wales have decreased by 50 per cent. during the last four years—such is the cool, impartial evidence of the police returns just printed. The figures apply to both sexes.

The figures for London and forty other big towns are really remarkable. In 1913 there were 159,000 convictions; in 1914, 156,000; in 1915, 126,000; whilst last year they dropped to 77,000. The amount of absolute alcohol consumed in 1916 fell by 19,000,000 gallons, if we compare that year with 1913. Is it not possible that, if the amount of meat eaten fell in a like way, people might be healthier?

London is gradually being stripped of all its glories. One after another the conveniences and the beauties of modern civilisation—are they not being taken from us and made into "portions of the dreadful past"? First they took away from us the beautiful flaring electric light and gaslamps by hundreds of thousands; even in the few they have left us, have they not shaded over the pure beams of light with blue and green and black? Whilst as for the days when soaps and whiskies and plays and all manner of other good things could be advertised in letters of electricity—marking, perhaps, the high-light line of modern progress—these seem to have disappeared many years ago. "How long are we to wait for the end of this woful dragging nuisance of a war for the return of the beautifully lit and adorned thoroughfares?" asks one believer in plenty of light and modern progress; whilst another explains that it is all nonsense, for the Zeppelins have not been here for months, and, besides, of course they know perfectly well where London is, whether it is dark or light.

And now falls another crushing blow on modern progress and a once up-to-date city—the posters are all disappearing. Why, without posters in the day and electric flares at night, it will soon be as dismal as Arras or as Ypres! "O, I'm fed up with this war!" exclaims the believer in modern progress and up-to-date methods, and he goes on to predict the still more dismal and humiliating time coming, when at the great railway stations themselves there will be no more pictures on paper to pass the time away—whilst waiting for the problematical train of the future. Modern progress is indeed having a very bad time to-day, almost as bad as we hope presently to give Kultur. Early this week the following thing was seen outside a shop in Chelsea—which was once progressive! A man calling a taxi-cab driver across the road to come and just look at the news of the day. He pointed at it with irony, for it was a shabby black board propped against the wall, and on it were written with a piece of chalk the heads of information about Baghdad, Bapaume, and Lancashire cotton. "And this", he conveyed, "is what Kaiser William has brought us to!"

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE COMING CLIMAX OF THE WHOLE WAR.

BY far the greatest, most dramatic events of the war lie in the near future in Europe. They will shortly make infant's play of all our combats about cotton, Ireland, potatoes, and the impeachment of Mr. Asquith. There have been sundry false alarms on this subject since August 1914, though, if we may say so, they have not been announced in these pages. It was thought, for instance, that the war was at its climax years ago, when Austria was being heavily punished by the victorious Russian armies. It is nearly years ago since the same impression was given by the dazzling misattempt on Gallipoli. Those were Entente illusions, and they gradually faded out. The enemy, too, has had illusions. He certainly believed that the crest of the war was reached when he swept through Poland; when in June last year he added Vaux to Douaumont; and much more recently he perhaps had a like illusion, when he crushed Roumania by a whirlwind effort, and when he entered on the unrestricted submarine campaign. In five of these six events there have been big feats of war. Ordinarily any one of them would be the signal stroke in a campaign, but in this vast, amazing struggle there has been nothing like a climax so far, either on land or water. The real climax, however, is now not far off. Various indications, some obvious, others covert, point to that. After the decisive shock there may still—we believe there will—be a drawn-out period of very savage war. Germany has lost the actual initiative in the front where the war can alone be decided on land—and it can be decided on no other element—and in the tremendous clash which is bound to occur in the full campaigning months of 1917 we do not believe for a moment that she can regain her old advantage. Yet her mood was never more warlike than it is to-day. The flower of the army which she swept through Belgium and France with has largely gone, but the massive military machine remains, and many new divisions have been and are being formed against the coming supreme test of strength.

"He's gaun to die game . . . weel, I like him na the waur for that", said honest Dinmont when the rascal Hatteraick was at length thrown and disarmed. That is what is going to happen in regard to Germany; but there is this difference—we cannot hope to get Germany down and under, as Hatteraick was got under, by a sudden overwhelming coup. There is bound to be a drawn-out struggle, fierce and continuous, even after the military machine of Germany has received a blow from which it cannot recover. The idea that the German army, with the German nation behind it, is going to put its hands up and give in, like parties of surprised and discouraged German soldiers, is too ridiculous to consider. Those who hug this idea forget that Germany knows quite well the Allied terms of peace, which, though by no means inhuman, are unmitigated. Germany means in the last resort, no doubt, to fight to the Rhine, and to fight the other side of the Rhine. We will not say with the tough Northern farmer that we like her none the worse for that, but it must be admitted she is a foe who has to be respected from the warlike standpoint.

The enemy's retreat from position after position on the Ancre and the Somme, this week even from the ridge that commands Bapaume, with a view to shorten his line, and also avoid for as long as possible the shock of any great Allied stroke; the arrival of the German High Command on the scene; the known

formation by him of fresh divisions in this theatre of war—these alone foreshadow momentous events before long. There is no room for doubt that a new, tremendous phase of the war is beginning. We can face it, with all its threat, with confidence and calm. The British Army is in fine fettle. It is in perfect practice. It has never been numerically so powerful as it is to-day. It believes devotedly in its great leader because—for one reason—it can look to-day upon the immense underground fortresses which that leadership has taught it how to storm, often at a minimum of loss. The occasional failure at home to share in the soldiers' confidence is chiefly due to the inability of people to visualise the character of these wonderful fortresses. They have not imagined what acres upon acres of barbed wire mean, barbed wire that never can be wholly shot away. They have not imagined what the machine-gun means in the long passages of these great burrows; or what nests of these guns mean when used from little popholes and unseen nooks all round and over the humps of these forts. The attackers, by at length largely solving this problem of the modern German stronghold, that acme of military skill and science, are rapidly revolutionising trench warfare; it is a solution implying a rare skill and accuracy; and more and more every month henceforth the attack will be with the Allied armies, for they have caught up the enemy in science and will surpass him inevitably in gross striking power of material and men. There is thus a great time coming, only it is imperative that both here and in France we should sink all our irritating lesser differences and pursuits. We must concentrate on the war and back up the leadership in the field with unceasing, unquestioning effort. Otherwise we perish; for the strain is going to be doubly as great through 1917 as it has ever been before.

## MR. ASQUITH AND THE REPORT.

MR. ASQUITH'S demand for a day for the discussion of the Dardanelles Report (not Evidence) is natural enough. His conduct as Prime Minister has been censured after long, patient, and deliberate inquiry, and if he had still been in office the Report must have led to a no-confidence debate. The amazing story of his own action and inaction, of his relations with Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher, of his attitude as President of the War Council, has dealt a heavy blow not only to his personal reputation, but to the public confidence in our whole system of government. He has a right to be heard, and he is in urgent need of any defence that can be made. But the Report raises questions so vital and radical that it must not be obscured by a debate on personal reputations, by eloquent apologies, and futile invective. It is an odd infirmity of ignoble minds to rejoice in the exposure of failure and weakness in great men. When the eagle is stricken the small birds chirrup to one another that he is not so much stronger than themselves. That kind of talk is beside the mark. The Commission had laid upon them the duty of judgment, and they have rightly fulfilled that duty without favour to the living or the dead. If we were living in the sterner days when a man knew that his head was the price of failure, and that a turn through the division lobby might lead to Tower Hill, then personal questions would be uppermost. But to-day the Report raises for practical men the question—How can confusion and delays, hesitations, and, above all, immature and insufficiently informed decisions be avoided in the future?

The nearest analogy in our history to the Report is that which was published by the Sebastopol Committee, who censured Lord Aberdeen's Government as severely as Mr. Asquith has been censured. Roebuck after-



wards moved that the politicians concerned, who had previously resigned office, should be "visited with severe reprehension", but the House characteristically carried the previous question. But the Dardanelles Report differs from that on Sebastopol in that it turns so largely on the duties and responsibilities of the political and technical members of Government. How far is the general or admiral under an obligation to offer and insist upon his opinions? Is he never to open his mouth unless a direct question is asked? Is he merely in attendance on his political chief? The general principles of our old system were fairly clear. Ministers responsible to Parliament were not chosen as experts in the matters with which their departments were concerned, but as able men of the world who could be trusted to come to a sound conclusion after hearing their advisers argue a question out, just as a judge will decide a knotty commercial problem of which he knows nothing before he hears the case. The Cabinet was the deciding body, but it learnt its facts from Ministers, and the ultimate decision, if the Cabinet was divided, rested with the Prime Minister. This is obviously not a system for war, and the first thing we learn from the Report is that the Cabinet was quickly ruled out. "In the early stages the war was carried on by the Prime Minister and Lord Kitchener and me", says Mr. Churchill, and very naturally and rightly in military matters Lord Kitchener was the predominant partner. If this triumvirate had been formed into a Council we should have had the present form of government anticipated; but the three remained, as it were, isolated Ministers, and the first count in the indictment against Mr. Asquith is that he did not at once set up a body which would have the means and the power to control war policy. "For four months, during which time events of the utmost importance were occurring, the machinery employed for designing and controlling the higher operations of the war was both clumsy and inefficient." Mr. Balfour's creation, the Committee of Imperial Defence, was ready to hand, but it was not given direct executive authority. On the other hand, the War Council, which was set up at the end of November 1914, seems from the first to have superseded the Cabinet. The Cabinet was told of its decisions, "but only after the necessary steps had been taken to give whole or partial effect to those decisions". Obviously the War Council was essentially the organ of the Prime Minister, and by his use of that instrument Mr. Asquith must be judged. It was "a Committee of the Cabinet with some experts added"; the Premier could call to it such of his colleagues as he pleased; it gave him the chance of hearing Admiralty and War Office views explained and criticised, it brought him into touch with any experts he cared to consult. By it he could decide and could act. But clearly the value of the Council depended largely on the man who presided over it, and we should have thought Mr. Asquith's qualities would have well-fitted him to elicit all the knowledge possessed by the expert members. Yet what does the Report reveal? A wretched picture of uneasy sailors and soldiers, sitting for the most part like dumb dogs, and regarding themselves as "in attendance" on their political chiefs. Lord Crewe, with engaging frankness, tells us that "the political members of the Committee did too much of the talking and the expert members too little". The fact is that the Prime Minister had never clearly laid down, as it was his part to do, the true position of the expert members, so that they did not realise either their rights or their duties. Lord Fisher actually said that "the War Council only consisted of the Cabinet Ministers". When we remember that questions before the Council were of a highly technical nature, on which only expert opinion would be of real value, it is with painful astonishment that we read that "it was not the practice to ask the experts attending the Council to express their opinions". Mr. Asquith blandly assumed that when Mr. Churchill spoke "it was the considered opinion of the Board of Admiralty as a whole"; but why did not he find out if this view were correct? He knew of Lord Fisher's uneasiness, and

the War Council was his opportunity to secure for himself and for the Council complete information as to expert views. Mr. Balfour held clearly that to extract these views is the business of the Chairman; but this obvious duty seems to have been utterly neglected by Mr. Asquith. The politician talked and the expert was dumb. Within the Admiralty there was a similar gross neglect: the Junior Sea Lords are distinguished sailors, but they were put under hatches in their own departments by both Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher. None of them was consulted about the Dardanelles, and when Rear-Admiral Tudor ventured to offer an opinion on naval policy to Mr. Churchill it "was not welcomed and it had no effect". We sincerely trust that "regular and collective" consultation is now the rule both at the Admiralty and War Office, and that experts no longer hold the view that they are not members of the War Council with no locus standi of their own.

Passing from Mr. Asquith's general conduct as President of the Council there are two special charges which tell heavily against him. Lord Fisher on 26 January sent him a Memorandum setting out his objections to the Dardanelles expedition, and Mr. Asquith did not place this before the Council. He thought it enough to see Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill, and apparently regarded Lord Fisher as sufficiently convinced for practical purposes. But this discussion also was not reported to the Council of 28 January, at which Lord Fisher almost resigned, though he merely protested against a final decision being taken that day. Here it seems to us that, just as Mr. Asquith had previously neglected to use the Council in order to inform himself, he was grossly culpable in leaving the Council uninformed. If the Council had been told freely Lord Fisher's view, and had not been left to assume that what Mr. Churchill said the Admiralty thought, we doubt if the purely naval attack, which ruined the chances of the expedition, would have been sanctioned. But Mr. Asquith sat in the chair with his own mind full of Lord Fisher's arguments, and deliberately left the Council in the dark. Lord Fisher was no doubt to blame for not expressing his own views, but we certainly think that on Mr. Asquith was the primary duty of allowing the Council to know all the facts. The second charge is that the Premier did not summon the War Council from 19 March until 14 May, although the only decision reached on 18 March was that the purely naval attack should be abandoned, while the first landing was on 25 April, and we were thus committed to the whole expedition without the formal concurrence of the War Council. Possibly the superseded Cabinet was consulted, but for what purposes had Mr. Asquith created the War Council? He did not use it to inform himself, he left it without knowledge of Lord Fisher's views, and he did not even trouble it to meet during two critical months. We are told that the War Committee was in constant session, but the Report says nothing of this, and if there was a rival body to the War Council in existence either one or the other was inadequate and superfluous. Let us note in passing that during these black months of the War Council there occurred not only the heroic Gallipoli landings, but also the sequel to the Neuve Chapelle offensive, which opened on 10 March, and Mr. Asquith's famous speech at Newcastle on 20 April, in which he told the country that military operations had never been impeded by lack of munitions. We may add as a reminder that when the whole policy of the expedition was discussed in the House in November 1915 there was not a single Cabinet Minister present, and the House adjourned as a protest, with the result that Mr. Asquith apologised next day. It seems to us a plain statement of fact that Mr. Asquith superseded the Cabinet by the War Council, that he misused the Council, and that he disregarded the House of Commons. Such action by a Premier could only be justified by success, and the Dardanelles Expedition was a terrible failure.

So far as the other great personages involved in this public censure are concerned, we feel that their

personal actions are less important than the fundamental question how far the sailors and soldiers may go in advising and checking their political chiefs—a question that can only be solved by the wisdom and activity of the Prime Minister. Lord Kitchener, no doubt, was too much the "one man," but do not let us forget that the one man in his case was big, and that the army of the Ancre and Somme is the living proof of his incalculable service to the State. Lord Fisher allowed himself to be overcome by two eloquent politicians, the Premier and Mr. Churchill, but he would have resigned on that fateful 28 January if his fellow-man of action, Lord Kitchener, had not prevailed upon him. A careful reading of the Report shows that both Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher were not entirely negligent. Lord Kitchener had a reason for postponing the departure of the 29th Division on 20 February, for on 19 February Lord French had decided upon his Neuve Chapelle offensive, and the possible need of more men in France must have been the paramount consideration to Lord Kitchener. Lord Fisher, on the other hand, always thought first of the Grand Fleet, as is clear from his memorandum to Mr. Asquith. He had an undisclosed alternative scheme, of which we must only say that it involved the withdrawal of men from France. We may be thankful that we escaped that. But it appears that Lord Kitchener was prepared to sanction a purely naval attack on the Dardanelles if it did not weaken his main army, and that Lord Fisher was prepared to use the army on certain nameless fields provided that there was no drain on the Grand Fleet. These opposite standpoints are natural enough—the decision between them should have been the work of the Council and the Premier. As for Mr. Churchill, pretty well all has been said about his action that needs saying. It is certain that in future the public will insist that the naval experts must prevail in all such matters.

Indeed, the whole moral of the Report is that in time of war our sailor and soldier experts must have laid upon them the duty of expressing their views. Their opinions must be "extracted", to use Mr. Balfour's word. Never again must the political leaders be assumed to be expressing the opinions of their boards, and never again must mere Parliamentary success give a man the right to rush the country into critical actions before the views of experts have been stated and weighed in a responsible Council. We remember an exasperated Yorkshireman saying of Mr. Asquith, with an emphatic bang of a great fist, "the man's all fake". We do not adopt that choleric judgment, but we do think that this Report shows that, in time of war, he was rather a consummate Parliamentarian than an effective Prime Minister.

#### TWENTY-ONE, ABINGDON STREET.

IT is a house of three stories, the most ornamental of a dingy brick row which probably sheltered rank and wealth in their best days, but are now mostly given over to business and professional purposes connected with Parliament. Hard by the Victoria Tower rears high its massive bulk in stately contrast. The outlook is past this, past Rodin's noble sculpture, "The Burghers of Calais", and across the Victoria Tower Gardens to the Thames. On the door of 21 are two small brass plates bearing the legends, "Liberal Central Office" and "Whips' Department". Here, therefore, we are on the steps of the Liberal Party headquarters—we behold, do we not? the carburettor of the great motor which long propelled the Liberal car under Mr. Asquith's direction.

What is going on behind those plates?—Ah, What! The question, in view of recent happenings, of multitudinous whisperings, may not unnaturally occur to the passer-by who thinks in these days nought of party, but all of patria. We know how the National Government, with Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister, first met the House of Commons, and how Mr. McKenna was then moved twice or thrice to cry aloud, in half-challenging tone, the words, "the Leader of

the Liberal Party!" They referred to the absent Mr. Asquith. Why such a phrase at such a moment? Not parties or party leaderships, declared the world, were the proper theme, but how to get on quicker with the war, how to safeguard the country, the Empire, and civilisation. Many there were who thought of the kind of iteration whereof Falstaff accuses Prince Hal. Others were reminded of John Silver's parrot, with its persistent shout of "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight!" John Silver was a pirate. Are there not stories of certain party funds—? Anyhow, in self-defence, having regard to seemingly threatened contingencies, Mr. Neil Primrose, as Chief Liberal Whip in the new Government, felt compelled to set up a central office on behalf of the Prime Minister and those Liberal friends who ranged themselves beside him. How much do those funds amount to? Talk is heard of a million. Talk is heard of millions. What, ah what are they invested in—War Loan, Exchequer Bonds, or in the running of the —, we cannot remember the name of the paper: or are there really all these millions at all? What relation do they bear to the apparent suggestion in Mr. McKenna's effort that Liberals might join the National Government if they choose, but that those who did not meant to stick to the Liberal party machine and run it for all it was worth?

When Mr. Asquith reappeared in the House of Commons he, it will be remembered, at once disclaimed any sympathy with party considerations, and urged thoroughgoing unity against the common enemy. Nevertheless, the executives of the Liberal associations, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, from Lynn to Milford Bay, proceeded in mighty bustle to pour forth sheaves of resolutions declaring substantially that there was but one Liberal Party, and Asquith its prophet! These resolutions bore so close a family resemblance that they must have been machine-made. Doubtless they were sent out, duly typed, from 21, under the orders—not necessarily under the inspiration—of Mr. Gulland, who remains the chief Asquithian whip, and whose best friends do not see in him only the harmlessness of the dove. Moreover, there have been great lunchings, great colloquings, "to meet Mr. Asquith", to which not only Asquithians were invited, but also not a few brethren from the newer fold. The latter might, perhaps, be missing the old shepherd. These gatherings were organised mainly by Lord Harcourt. The spirit is not likely to have been driven out of him by elevation to the peerage. Can he cease to give and take counsel at 21? This house continues, too, to occupy itself energetically in the constituencies. Its correspondence on party affairs, although this is war time, is reputed ah so wonderfully extensive! Its emissaries are credited with conveying to local organisations assurances that the Central Office will sympathise heartily and practically in the promotion of candidates of Asquithian and, therefore, only genuine Liberal Party complexion. Also that in case of a General Election, come it soon or late, such candidates will everywhere certainly be very desirable. Can these things be to-day? And, if so, what about the interests of Liberal candidates representing the National Government, which—who dare deny it?—is seated in power with full measure of popular approval?

Yet Mr. Asquith's appeal for unity, as all have good reason to know, was sincere. Besides, after nine years' toil as chief executive officer of the State, following many other years of hard work in politics and the law, he is in need of rest, and is bent upon taking it. For the present, therefore, at any rate, he is emphatically disinclined to give any further assistance to party activities. Is there, then, a Mayor of the Liberal Palace? Is his name McKenna, or perchance Harcourt? And is he, with other ex-Ministers, resolved to go on, pushing the party interests of Liberalism, even against the inclination of their leader, and while the country and its Allies are at death-grips with barbarism? If there are misunderstandings, if 21, Abingdon Street, does not mean party, and has nought to do with wire-pulling, now is the time to clear the matter up.



## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 137) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

## KUT TO BAGHDAD.

THE capture of Kut, as General Maude's recent great achievement will always be popularly styled, was in reality a much more extensive operation than can be suitably designated by its short title. Kut itself, situated in a deep bend of the river Tigris, was of small importance compared with the formidable lines of entrenchments which protected it, extending to a distance of fifteen miles to the east of Kut, where they terminated in the strong Sanna-i-Yat position, and eight miles to the west of Kut, where the Shumran bend marked the end of the entrenched camp on that side.

The definite offensive against the Turkish positions may be said to have commenced on 13 December by the crossing of the Hai river between Ataha and Basrugiyeh and the successful occupation of ground on the right bank to a depth of one and a half miles, while our cavalry drove the Turks from their trenches about Fort Haji Fahn, two and a half miles south of Kut. During this operation the Turks were held in their positions at Sanna-i-Yat on the Tigris by a strong artillery and infantry offensive. Operations were greatly impeded between this date and the middle of January by the waterlogged state of the country, but ultimately the Turks on the south bank of the Tigris were driven in to the Hassan bend, east of Kut. This promised a big bag of prisoners, but, unfortunately, the Turks, by a clever ruse, succeeded in escaping across the river. This was followed up, however, by a similar rounding up of the enemy west of Kut, in the Dahra bend, and this time there was no escape—2,000 prisoners were taken here on 16 February. On 17 February an attack on the Sanna-i-Yat position was unsuccessful, but our position west of Kut was extended to the Shumran bend. On 22 February our troops, after an intense bombardment, carried the first and second lines of the Sanna-i-Yat position by a vigorous assault, and followed this up by the capture of the third line on 23 February. While the Turks were fully occupied in trying to repel our offensive at Sanna-i-Yat, fifteen miles north-east of Kut, another British force was bridging the river at the Shumran bend, where it is 340 yards wide with a current of five knots; this operation took nine hours only, and was completed at 4.30 p.m. While this was in hand the infantry crossed at three different points, meeting with more or less opposition. Finally, the whole of the western force united and carried everything before it, the Turks at the same time being driven from their last line of defence at Sanna-i-Yat.

The whole operation was brilliantly successful and bears conclusive evidence of first-class leading and admirable staff work.

The defeat of the Turks was decisive and their retreat was a rout. The pursuit was vigorously pressed, on land by cavalry and on the river by gunboats; booty and prisoners continued to mount up day after day, too quickly to be counted, and it became increasingly evident that the remnants of this Turkish army would not be able to put up anything like a serious rearguard action anywhere short of Bawi (six miles south-east of Dialah and fourteen from Baghdad), where Townshend fought his great action seventeen months ago against 13,000 Turks. The value of the Turkish official reports may be gauged by the communiqué of 28 February:—

"No event of importance has occurred on the various fronts." The repercussion of the events on the Tigris in another part of the eastern theatre of war is most interesting and significant. While General Townshend was holding his own at Kut last year General Baratoff reached the Turkish border at a point only eighty-six miles from Baghdad; soon after General Townshend's surrender a strong force of Turkish regulars was sent against General Baratoff, which succeeded in forcing him to retire and about the 11 August

to surrender the important town of Hamadan, which is 180 miles east of the Turkish border and had been in Russian occupation since December 1915. The loss of this place was a serious blow to Russian prestige, and it was also a serious loss as a strategical centre and base of supplies.

The Turks were in sufficient force to press the Russians back on a broad front extending far to the north of Hamadan, and for a long time it appeared as if the Russians had been definitely checked in this part of the theatre, although they were by no means reduced to inactivity, as was shown by their capture of Bidjar some months ago; this place is ninety-two miles north-west of Hamadan, and its capture by our Allies argues a successful recovery on their part over a considerable area.

General Maude's brilliant success on the Tigris immediately bore good fruit in the same part of the theatre as was adversely affected last year by General Townshend's surrender.

On 3 March, three days after the rout of the Turks at Kut, a Reuter's telegram from Teheran stated that "the Russians have captured Hamadan and are pursuing the retreating enemy", and this was confirmed the following day in the official communiqué from Petrograd: "As the result of operations in the Hamadan region the town of Hamadan was captured by our troops on 2 March". The same communiqué also stated that "in Persia our detachments, having assumed the offensive in the direction of Bidjar, occupied the village of Khanikaleh, two miles to the south-west of Bidjar". Khanikaleh is ninety miles north-west of Hamadan.

Even as far back as 27 February, before the Russian successes had occurred, and before the ultimate results of our victory at Kut could be estimated, the military correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" recalled how "in contrast to many others he recently described the military developments in Mesopotamia as a serious move by the British against Baghdad"; and, referring to the fall of Kut-el-Amara, he says: "These developments have now resulted in a change in the strategic situation, and it is to be hoped that the Turks will gain a success which will enable them to restore the strategical position". On the very day that the above was written General Maude's cavalry was already at Azazie, having covered forty-five miles, marching and fighting, in four days; after this the pursuit became slower, and Lajj, nine miles south-east of Ctesiphon and twenty-seven miles from Azazie, was not reached until 5 March.

Let us now glance at what the Russians were doing during the same period. A communiqué dated 7 March stated that the advance from Hamadan towards the Turkish border was being continued in three columns; the northern column was engaged with the enemy near Sinna (or Sinhar), north-west of Hamadan; the centre column, having taken the Assadabad Pass, was pursuing the Turks towards Kangawer, south-west of Hamadan; and the southern column was pursuing the enemy towards Dauletabad, on a more southerly road, which rejoins the Hamadan-Baghdad road at Kangawer. Kangawer was occupied by the Russians on 5 March; it is forty-five miles south-west of Hamadan and the distance was apparently covered in three days.

To return to the Tigris, the Turkish forces which had obstructed the advance of General Maude's cavalry at Lajj, nine miles from Ctesiphon, evacuated their position on the morning of the 6th, and our cavalry, finding Ctesiphon unoccupied, bivouacked that night near Bawi. Notwithstanding the artificial and natural strength of this position, it was evident that the closeness of the pursuit and the demoralisation of the Turks precluded any idea of the enemy making a stand here. On 7 March the enemy was found to be holding the line of the Dialah river and was engaged by our troops; on the night of the 8th, in spite of bright moonlight, our troops effected a surprise crossing of the Dialah and established a strong post on the north bank; in the meantime the Tigris had been bridged at some distance down stream below the confluence of

the Dialah, and a strong British detachment had marched up the right bank and discovered the Turks in a position six miles south-west of Baghdad, from which they were promptly ejected and fell back to another position two miles from the city.

During the night of the 9th the Dialah position was carried and our troops advanced to within four miles of Baghdad. On the 10th Baghdad was attacked from both sides of the Tigris, and on the 11th General Maude announced its capture early the same morning.

Thus complete success has crowned the Tigris campaign just three months after the first definite offensive on the Hai river and only seventeen days after the fall of Kut. Space does not permit of any discussion of the results of this brilliant operation, beyond pointing out that it will have an immediate and decisive effect upon the Russian operations under General Baratoff, which have been briefly touched upon as being co-ordinated with our attack on the Tigris.

### MIDDLE ARTICLES. THE MILITARIST.

THERE are battalions, one is told, in which the commanding officer is regarded as an eccentric, if sometimes formidable, figurehead. It was not thus with the Umpteenth Londons in the summer of their days. There are battalions which can never do right. There are others which do wrong so seldom that the brigadier is constrained to "strafe" them periodically, lest their heads outgrow their shrapnel helmets. To such a class belonged the Umpteenth at the time of which I write.

It was not owing to any intrinsic superiority in its men as compared with those of other battalions in the Umptieth Brigade. Their immaculacy was due merely to the C.O. with whom a beneficent command had endowed them. A commanding officer is to his battalion all that a conductor is to his orchestra, and ever so much more besides. For a maestro is but a man leading men; but a commanding officer, an he will, may be a god leading men. His inspiration is visible in the bearing of the meanest sentry keeping guard before the storehouse door. There is a glint in the fellow's eye, a springiness in his step, a click in his turning heel that proclaim: "In me you see no unworthy representative of *some* battalion".

The Umpteenth had already helped to make history when my colonel took command. It had borne itself valiantly in its early months at Festubert and Givenchy, magnificently at Loos. So he found a battalion with traditions stretching back more than half a year, and it was not long before he had infused into them a passion to make their present and their future worthy of their glorious little past. He himself at Loos went over the parapet as adjutant of another battalion in the Umptieth Brigade, and was threatened with arrest by his colonel before he would leave the field to have his wounds dressed. The mauve and white ribbon on his tunic, which commemorated his insubordination, helped to commend him to his new command. But he brought with him much more than this, for the spirit of youth and the genius of enthusiasm were his. Soldiering to him was the breath of life. He was, in the best sense of the word, a militarist, and sincerely held that the soldier's calling was the grandest—*educatively* the grandest—in the world. His own qualities went far to justify such a faith. His tireless activity was galvanic in its effect on his men. His steel-edged keenness sharpened them to a like temper. There was infection in his laugh, and cheerfulness, which was part of his military creed, became the hall-mark of the battalion. His constant and maternal care for his men aroused their love—the word is hardly too strong. Almost it might be said of them, as of Ben Bolt's sweetheart:

"They wept with delight when he gave them a smile,  
And trembled with fear at his frown".

Both his smile and his frown were characteristic of the man—they were forthright, unmistakable, and had a quality of suddenness that reflected his soldierlike

alacrity. See him striding down the dirty main street of Billetsville, a clouded look in his eye, as of one burdened with cares. Approaches his bombing officer, in whom he has cause to be well pleased—his eyes are lighted up as though at the pressing of an electric switch, his lips part in a flashed smile. The subaltern passes on, glad that, after all, his work is appreciated and therefore well worth the doing. And the young colonel is once again wrapped in his thoughts, revolving some new plan to improve the comfort of his men.

But see him in orderly room, where his four company quartermaster-sergeants have arrived in response to his summons. The men had marched in that wet winter's day after a gruelling week in the trenches, and, owing to an alleged dearth of braziers, cold billets had awaited some of them. It is the frown, the stern, unforgiving look, that is switched on this time.

"Understand, there can be no excuse for such neglect. You are left behind, out of the trenches, to see that such things do not occur. Nothing is too good for the men, remember that."

"Nothing is too good for the men"—that was one of his watchwords, and it was often on his lips, though never in their presence. He used to have packets of tea sent at his own expense to supplement their tea ration because he knew that they loved nothing better than a mess-tin full of stewed tea, inordinately strong and sickly sweet. But on parade he was a martinet of the deepest dye. Not a detail escaped his eye, not a defect escaped the lash of his tongue. For when the moment of action came the machine he controlled must be perfect. What an aeroplane is to its pilot his battalion was to him. Every nut, screw, stay must be flawless; every man, N.C.O. and officer must be relied upon for instant action. Discipline was the motive power of his machine, and the lubricant he employed was esprit de bataillon.

His magic lay in his personality, whose salient features were enthusiasm and selflessness. To a boy's love of adventure was applied the curb of a disciplined mind. Nature, aided by the dozen years of military training, had equipped him with resourcefulness, self-reliance, coolness, powers of concentration, an instinct of decision, and the courage of one in whose vocabulary the words "fear" and "self" are blacked out. There was something Napoleonic about his instinctive decisions that proved at times a hindrance to a young man who, after all, did not yet wield the bâton he carried in his knapsack. Once I heard him try, quite respectfully, to teach generals their business. His theory was right, but, to himself, so obviously right that he failed to convince the generals, being unable to see the thing with their eyes. But in his own sphere as a leader of men he walked a god, source of inspiration and object of worship.

"Our motto is 'Ginger'", he used to tell the men, and they liked the word. In all seriousness the Umpteenth came to be known as the "Ginger Battalion". The brigadier heard of it, and as a mark of appreciation, if there was any saucy, risky work to be done in the way of Boche-baiting, it was entrusted to the Umpteenth and its "Ginger C.O.".

If he had a fault, my colonel, it lay in his failure to recognise that he himself was an exceptional person. He took for granted in his officers the same martial qualities which in him had become second nature. Unconsciously—or was it, perhaps, after all, deliberately?—he exacted from us amateur soldiers all the military virtues he himself possessed, and was intolerant of our shortcomings. Unsparing of himself, he did not spare others. Human weaknesses were peace-time luxuries in which he would not allow himself or us to indulge.

There was something extra-human in his perfect soldierhood. Of such stuff surely the heroes—the Homeric race of heroes—were compact. To the civilian, striving a little wryly to "disguise fair Nature with hard-favoured rage", it seemed sometimes perhaps just a shadow too hard, too inexorable; though, after all, this was war, which is a hard man's business.



But even Apollo is not always stretching his bow, and my colonel had his hours of relaxation. Hardly a day but he found time to write a long letter home to his wife. There was an afternoon, too, a slack afternoon in a cellar in Maroc—once a pretty garden village in the heart of the Loos coalfield—when we fell to talking of poetry, and he surprised me by an admission that he delighted in it. Stirring poetry of action was his line. He revelled in the clattering stanzas of Macaulay, and could declaim Kipling at great length, accompanying his extracts with the hearty, deep-throated laughter and sparkle of eye that characterised his mood when he was out of harness.

But he was too passionate a lover of his profession to have many recreations outside it. His leisure he would often employ in making notes on the training of recruits for the guidance of reserve battalions at home. He confided to me once his ambition, when peace came, to embody in a book all the lessons in the training of men that war had taught him. Peace for him meant more and better soldiering.

His book will never be written, for peace has come upon him already—the peace that passeth understanding. He should not have died as he did. There was no need for it. He would have been the first to forbid any of his officers to risk such a sacrifice. But his death, like his life, was an inspiration.

There was work to do for the "Ginger Battalion"—a wood in Picardy, to be occupied in the teeth of enfilade fire from a redoubt which, but for some unexplained hitch in the programme, would have been already silenced. To advance from our trenches meant a suicidal plunge into a cascade of bullets. Here was indeed a task worthy of their mettle.

The colonel shook himself free of one who sought to stay him. Up on the parapet he leapt, and, turning his back contemptuously on the foe, stood looking down to his men.

"Now, then, boys", he cried gleefully, "will you follow me?"

But they had already begun to clamber up from the trench. He turned to advance, and fell with a bullet through his head. And his boys, who would have followed him into the mouth of hell, broke down and blubbed like little children. . . . Then they went forward with the rage of God in their hearts and took the wood.

Such an end as his is but the beginning of a splendid immortality. In the Valhalla that is builded in the hearts of those he led he dwells for ever young, for ever radiant, talking soldier talk with the happy dead, his comrades.

C. D. S.

#### A PLEA FOR MORE PUBLIC-HOUSES.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

THE question of prohibition has been talked about lately in the Commons, and supporters of the movement will no doubt think that the case for more public-houses is completely given away by quoting in its favour an old reprobate like Sir Toby Beloh. The reply is that Sir Toby made his remark to a narrow-minded prig. Let me seek the golden mean between these two extremes.

It may be argued that the closing of some of our public-houses and other restrictions on drink have reduced the number of prosecutions for drunkenness, and that if these restrictions were extended and all public-houses closed drunkenness would disappear. But there is obviously some kink in this chain of reasoning, for one of the points made in the recent debate in the Commons was that people were spending quite as much, if not more than, they did before the war on drink.

We want some clear thinking and some sympathy in dealing with this question. The public-houses supply a real want; the people who use them need them, and if many make a bad use of them it is more

the fault of the public-houses than of those who frequent them. The way to deal with the drink trouble is not to endeavour to abolish the public-houses, but to set to work to reform them, and in certain rural districts even to add to their number.

When Bishop Magee said he would rather see England free than England sober he struck the right note. He did not wish that drunkenness should be encouraged, but he realised the futility of trying to make men sober by interfering with their liberty. Our people are not servile peasants, and there is no sense in trying to treat them as if they were—nor is there any necessity for attempting to do so.

Where are we to go for suggestions for improving our public-houses? Many of us have travelled in Switzerland; what have we seen there? Public-houses, places of rest, refreshment and entertainment abound, especially in the villages. But what pleasant places they are! Wherever possible there is seating accommodation in the open-air or in some kind of verandah, but in any case there is a large pleasant room with tables and chairs, newspapers and games, while food and non-alcoholic drinks can be obtained as well as beer and spirits. What is the result? All classes patronise the restaurants; the well-to-do as well as the weekly wage-earners drop in there for their meals, and, what is best of all, they can bring their wives and children with them.

What a contrast are these "restaurants," these bright places of refreshment, to the ordinary English pub., with its small and often dirty room, crowded with men indeed, uncomfortable, unprovided with seats, avoided for the most part by respectable women, and barred by law against children.

Of all pathetic confessions of failure, I think that the most pathetic is that indicated by the notice which is posted by law outside the English public-house, prohibiting the entrance thereto of all children below the age of fourteen. Why are these children of tender age not allowed to go inside our pubs? Because the rules and administrators of this great, free and enlightened country, though they cannot abolish the public-house, are unable to devise and to enforce the maintenance of one which shall be a fit place for an innocent child to enter! Ye gods, what a confession of ineptitude on the part of a business people!

But happily it is not necessary for us to go even as far as Switzerland or France if we want to see decent places of refreshment. We can find such places in the Regimental Institutes of the British Army, first established in India by that remarkable little man "Bobs", some thirty years ago.

Lord Roberts came to the conclusion that there was too much drink and loose living among the British soldiers in India, and the more closely he looked into the matter the clearer it became to him that most of this drink was due to boredom, to the dull monotony of the soldier's life in India. When off duty there was very little for the men to do, especially during the hot weather, when it was impossible for them to get out for cricket and football. Thus the canteen was the only place for the soldier to go to, and it was like the English public-house—there was nothing for a man to do when he got there except to drink.

A Soldiers' Club or Institute was therefore started in the barracks of every British unit in India. The men could still get their beer at the canteen, now renamed the "Liquor Bar". At the "Dry Canteen" many kinds of oilman's stores, tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, bacon, biscuits, patent medicines, tins of blacking, bootlaces, toothbrushes, walking-sticks, as well as flannel and odds and ends for the children of the married soldiers can be bought. The Institute contains also a well-stocked library of good literature and a reading-room, where the soldier can write his letters, read the paper, and play draughts, backgammon and other indoor games. In most cases there is a billiard-room as well. Then there is a large room where suppers are served at moderate prices, and where non-alcoholic drinks are supplied, but where a man can get a glass of beer with his food if he wishes

it. This big supper-room generally has a piano in it and is occasionally cleared for dancing, an amusement which is very popular in some corps, and there is almost always a stage at one end, so that the room can be used for lectures, concerts, and theatrical entertainments.

These Regimental Institutes are now part and parcel of the life of the British soldier in all parts of the world, and the effect, combined with a more liberal allowance of liberty to well-behaved men, has been most excellent, drink and the crime resulting from it having been very largely reduced.

The point of all this is that the men who require and who frequent the public-houses of this country are precisely the class from which our soldiers are drawn, and we are justified in expecting that, if we improved our public-houses and expanded them from liquor bars into clubs on the lines of our Regimental Institutes, we should obtain a similar modification in the drinking habits of our weekly wage-earners.

The problem as to how we are in practice to change the public-house into a really decent place of refreshment, rest, and entertainment is one that presents no difficulties insuperable to a nation which has in two years created, almost out of nothing, a military machine which is giving nasty knocks and shocks to the greatest military Power ever established on this earth. The problem has, in fact, already been faced and solved by the People's Refreshment House Association and the Central Public-House Trust Association. The aims of the former society are set out as follows:

"I. The encouragement of temperance by reform in the management of licensed inns, public-houses, and canteens.

"II. The provision of facilities for the prompt supply of food and non-alcoholic refreshments at licensed houses, so that they may be genuine refreshment houses, not mere drinking bars."

The sanity and moderation of these proposals are in refreshing contrast to the harsh and drastic methods of those who advocate total abstinence, and prohibition to enforce that abstinence. And, be it noted, the methods of the two societies named are very similar to those which have been adopted with such success in the Army.

Another interesting point about the work of the People's Refreshment House Association is, that it was a soldier, Major H. J. Craufurd, who in 1895 made definite proposals for introducing wholesome reforms in the village "drink-shop." Major Craufurd had seen great improvements made in the management of Army canteens, and believed that similar improvements could be effected in the supply of liquor and refreshment to the civilian. The actual method of operation may be summarised thus: The Society takes over a public-house and puts in a paid official as manager. The manager must reside on the premises; he receives no commission on sales of alcoholic drink, but does get a commission on sales of non-intoxicants. These he is bound by his agreement to supply when asked for, and it is his duty as well as his interest to push their sale by all legitimate means, by the proper preparation and exhibition of the tea, cakes, biscuits, sandwiches, etc., and by looking after the cleanliness and comfort of his rooms. Prices are kept moderate and price lists are posted in the tea-room. No credit is allowed; the houses are "free", not tied to any brewers or distillers, and they are frequently inspected by a trained staff at irregular intervals.

The two Societies named have had a good measure of success, and they have undoubtedly marked out for us the general lines on which the reform of our village "drinking-shops" should be carried out. But the time has arrived for the State to step in, and to insist on all the public-houses in rural districts being reformed on the lines indicated. This does not mean that the State is to take the management of all the village inns into its own hands; it should be sufficient to lay down by Act of Parliament certain general rules to which all houses of rest and refreshment in rural dis-

tricts must conform, and to make the local licensing authorities responsible for the enforcement of these rules.

The reform of public-houses in crowded town areas is not so simple, but a great improvement could be effected in these if the licensing authorities were given power to warn all those who own and run such houses that after a certain period, say five years, no house would be licensed for the sale of beer or spirits unless, in addition to the bar where liquor is served, it contained a large, clean, and comfortable room in which tables and seating accommodation were provided, and tea, cocoa, and other non-alcoholic drinks, as well as food, were forthcoming on demand; the houses, of course, being subject to constant inspection and control.

There is no real impediment to the reforms indicated above. As we cannot abolish the public-houses we must reform them. It can be and should be done, and the reforms themselves are easy to carry out, for the simple reason that there is money in the business. For it is a solid fact that there is more legitimate profit to be made out of making and retailing aerated waters than out of retailing beer. And the same holds good of tea, coffee, and cocoa.

One word of warning is required: care must be taken to keep down the charges for tea and light refreshments, so that the village inn shall be used by the agricultural labouring class. What we want to do is to make life in the rural districts more attractive, less dull and monotonous, and the reformed public-house would be a powerful factor towards this end.

Yes, we want cakes and ale; tea and cakes in one part of the inn and good wholesome ale in the other. And this raises a fresh point; one of the great attractions in the Swiss restaurants is the certainty of obtaining a glass of light, palatable beer, always served cool and bright. The Swiss allow only a very small percentage of alcohol in their beer, and we might well follow their example.

Ginger, or something of the kind, will be hot in the mouth of the prohibitionists at the idea of more public-houses, but the vast majority of people will agree that the reform, not the abolition, of the village inn is what we must aim at. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation." Most of our ardent reformers accept this dictum, but "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

So said that sturdy Englishman, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and though he was not afraid of his glass of wine or brandy, we know that he would have been glad if he could have got a good cup of tea at his inn.

## WAR AND CIVILISATION.

By H. J. MARSHALL.

NOW that England has thrown aside the weakness and hesitation which so easily beset her, and is about to cast her whole might into the scale against iniquity, we do well to remind ourselves of the cause in which we are so sternly fighting. It is not through any fortuitous or selfish reason that the countries of France, Italy and England are found fighting side by side in this Day of Decision. For 2,000 years the history of these nations has been the history of the dawn and progress of civilisation in Europe, of which they are, and have always been, the natural guardians and trustees.

How august a thing is human society! How long and splendid its history appears to be, how firm its foundations! It began, writes Newman, in the earliest times, and grew with each succeeding age till it reached its complete development, and then continued on, vigorous and unwearied, and still remains as definite and firm as ever. Its bond is a common civilisation; and though there are other civilisations in the world, as there are other societies, yet this civilisation, together with the society which is its creation and its home, is so distinctive and luminous in its character, so imperial in its extent, so imposing in its



duration, so utterly without rival on the face of the earth, that the association may fitly assume to itself the title "Human Society", and its civilisation, the abstract term "Civilisation".

Yet how young and frail a thing is this civilisation of ours in comparison with the remote antiquity of man and the violence of his passions! In comparison with this 3,000 years through which we trace our present civilisation to its origin in Palestine and Greece there are untold millenniums of fierce and raging barbarism, on which, as on some, apparently, extinct volcano, this frail structure has been raised. Its cause and origin are wrapped in mystery. There are, however, three influences traceable in the rise of every great civilisation: the influence of *race*, the influence of war, and the inspiration of great national poetry. The supreme example of this is to be found in the striking combination of the Greek race, the Trojan War, and the Homeric poems. Again, in the Jewish song of Deborah, one of the oldest of national songs, we can see each of these influences actually at work, under its mingled scorn and praise. "For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart. Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds to hear the bleatings of flocks? . . . Gilead abode beyond Jordan; and why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on the sea shore, and abode in his breaches. Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeopardied their lives unto the death in the high places of the field".

Neither in Greece nor Palestine was this cohesion ever perfected. Still, the type of civilisation was fixed by the Greek and the Jew; and it is practically the same to-day as it was in the age of Pericles and of Isaiah. At first it was weak and its tenure precarious. In Palestine it was actually submerged—as Belgium is now submerged—to be restored by Cyrus. In Greece it survived the Persian War, and thus in both countries it was handed down to become the common civiliser of mankind. The mingling of these two streams from Athens and Sion gave Matthew Arnold his "trinity of strength, sweetness, and light". This civilisation came to Europe through Italy, and long had its rival centred in Rome and Constantinople. When, during the dark ages in Europe, it waned and seemed to be in danger of perishing, then those few fugitive scholars, escaping from Constantinople into Italy, brought with them the spark of learning which was to kindle into the blaze of the Renaissance. Thus in Italy was born, perhaps, the greatest intellectual and spiritual movement since the Christian era commenced. And so Italy became the spiritual mother of all those nations who owe any filial duty or allegiance to western civilisation. For Italy and her Allies we may therefore claim what M. Loisy so justly claims for France: "Though we do not brag of our culture we are sure that the ruin of France would not be a gain to civilisation; and that in resisting German tyranny we are not hindering the spread of truth and justice throughout the world; that, on the contrary, we are securing them a fair chance in the future, that we are safeguarding a notable portion of our human inheritance from the madness of the destroyer".

There are nowadays many appeals made to the neutral nations as though they represented the civilised world. Such appeals are not heartening to the Allies; they convey a wrong and harmful impression. They give an erroneous idea that the Allies are uncertain of themselves and of their cause; that we seek help and light and assurance elsewhere. But it is well to bear in mind that for all intellectual, social, or spiritual activities a court which comprises France, Italy, England, Belgium, Russia and Japan constitutes from its immense prestige of civilisation and culture a court which in the civilised world to-day there is no gain-saying, and which, we may reasonably believe, will form the assured verdict of the future.

Such a supreme court of civilisation has been described by Matthew Arnold in his well-known description of human glory as that one solitary thing that the world can give, which is not vanity. "Let us conceive", he writes, "of the whole group of

civilised nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action, and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another . . . To be recognised by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as a serious and eminent workman, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national or provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honour and acceptance".

This stamp of approval, conferring the right to be termed civilised, either upon an individual or a nation, is a spiritual and not a material gift. The possession of beautiful works of art does not confer it, neither does the loss of these things take it away. A nation may have been despoiled, as Belgium has been despoiled, only to rise to a higher place in the world's esteem and honour. Neither does the possession of art treasures confer the claim to be termed civilised by this august tribunal, since such may have merely been filched by the Crown Prince of Germany from a mansion in France or purchased at Christie's for an American millionaire. Civilisation is rather a tradition of disciplined life, of severe and arduous training; it is a secret which runs in the blood and which creates a kind of affinity between the artist and his work, and which, being kept alive from age to age, produces new and ever-varying forms of beauty. This civilisation may be clearly traced in the laws and literature, the statuary and paintings, of a nation, but, perhaps, above all, in its buildings. It is seen in the beautiful temple of Philæ, in the Parthenon, in the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, in the Cathedral at Rheims, now undergoing its daily martyrdom at the hand of the barbarian.

Against this common tradition of civilisation Germany has declared war. In these higher gifts of civilisation the Germans have been strangely lacking. It was, apparently, a company into which they could not enter and move at ease. The air was too rarefied, the company too refined, too *civilised*. Of their literature, of which, perhaps, the spirit of a nation may best be judged, Amiel wrote: "Learning and even thought are not everything. A little esprit, point, vivacity, imagination, grace, would do no harm. Do these pedantic books leave a single image or sentence, a single striking or new fact, in the memory when one lays them down? No, nothing but fatigue and confusion. Oh, for clearness, terseness, brevity! Diderot, Voltaire, or even Galiani! A short article by Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Renan, Victor Cherbuliez, gives one more pleasure, and makes one ponder and reflect more than a thousand of these pages crammed to the margin and showing the work itself rather than its result. The Germans heap the faggots for the pile, the French bring the fire. Spare me your lucubrations; give me facts or ideas. Keep your vats, your mush, your dregs to yourselves: I want wine fully made, wine which will sparkle in the glass, and kindle my spirits instead of oppressing them." But, beyond and above these qualities, which are common to all good literature, there are those two hall-marks of truthfulness and grave seriousness which, Matthew Arnold tells us, are never lacking in great literature, and, we may add, are the distinguishing characteristics of the nations from which great literature has sprung, and which may be termed the fine flower and fruit of civilisation.

In turning her back upon these high levels Germany has deliberately and knowingly sinned against the light, for she has not lacked teachers. She preferred to believe with Baron Liebig that "Civilisation is the economy of power, and English power is coal". Or with William II., that civilisation is big guns, or that it consists in great wealth and wide possessions, apart from right and duty. In consequence the downfall of

Germany—for no human pity or scorn can increase or mitigate her present degradation—is complete. It is a disaster to the whole human race. This has been an evil and an unspeakably horrible war. Wherever the Germans have been they have left a trail of horror behind them, whether on land or in the air or under the sea. Never have civilised nations done and threatened such vile inhumanities as the Germans and their Prussian taskmasters. Therefore, through any fear or slackness or fickleness or idle dreaming, to leave this huge menace still hanging over Europe would be a betrayal of civilisation. The Allies are fighting for the future of the earth, for the safety and honour and happiness of their children who must dwell in it. Though we bequeath to them great glory, yet we shall leave them a heavy burden; we must not add to their burden.

What, after all, save the future have we of the older generation left to strive for? What can restore to the homes of England all that they have lost in this desolating war? What have the Belgians to go back to? What of that fruitful land, with its prosperous homesteads, its pleasant, thrifty people, now desolate? What of the robbery of forest and mine, of iron and steel, of copper and ore for German guns? What of those famous Flemish horses, of the sheep and oxen, and the implements of husbandry, and, most horrible of all, the robbery of man and maid: what shall *Civilisation* say to these things in after days?

Yet we do not lack compensations. If anything could make up to us for what we have lost it will be the fine friendship of our noble Allies. It will be the knowledge that all the sufferings which we have endured in common have knit us to our Allies with the ties of blood that is mingled, of honour and sacrifice shared, in the greatest of all causes. Just as the friendship of the wise and the good is man's best reward here on earth, so the love, the loyalty, the honour of the most civilised nations in the world is England's proud possession. This fine friendship of the fathers, tried as the silver is tried, and handed down to their sons, promises to be an indefectible, an almost sacred, pledge of peace.

But this war has brought us yet another gift. The war has proved that the spirit of man may be born again. The seas have once more become our Jordan; our men pass over them and "become clean". The nation, too, is slowly finding itself; it has found its soul, as the saying is. We, in our self-depreciation, used to look upon Captain Scott and Captain Oates with a kind of wonder, as exceptions to the common lot; the war has shown us that these men are types of their kind and of their race. The Government, too, under Mr. Lloyd George, has risen to a great occasion. Many acts of *leitourgia* have been done worthy of England in these days. Such acts may serve to typify the civilisation for which the Allies are fighting. They remind us that civilisation is a spiritual, not a material, gift. It consists not in fine houses or splendid possessions, or in being "clothed in fine linen" and "faring sumptuously every day", but in honour, in service, in sacrifice, in the power to rise to great occasions, and to live in that high and rarefied air with the serene happiness of common life—in a word, to live worthily and die nobly.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE LORD BINNING,  
C.B., M.V.O.

"Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'. . . Ruhest Du auch."—Goethe.

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight."—Chaucer.

I HELD the Past was safe, not ours to stain  
Or alter. But to-day, when all was still  
And every bough at rest on every hill,  
I thought upon those words, the common gain  
Of all the world, first graven on the pane  
At Weimar. And I knew that iron will  
And blood and hatred can prevail to kill  
The joy of innocent words that plead in vain.

Then, for you also rest, I thought of you,  
Of you, the very perfect gentle knight,

And words so dulled with use, so often true,  
Were very truth, and shone as fresh and bright  
As stars that at the death of day renew  
Their consecrating and unaging light.

M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Writers' Club,

10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.,

9 March 1917.

SIR,—I have just seen the SATURDAY REVIEW of 3 March containing your admirable comment on the attempt made in Parliament to discredit Sir Douglas Haig. Only the day before that issue of your paper I received a letter from my brother, an officer in the B.E.F. in France, containing the following passage, which may be of interest to you as confirmation of your paragraph:

"What did you think of Gen. Haig's remarks? Fine, weren't they? They bucked everyone up here; but it makes me sick the way it is being criticised in Parliament. I'd like some of those rotters to spend a winter in the trenches; it might teach them a little about morale and how important it is to look on the brightest side of things.

I daresay you have received many other letters to the same effect.

Yours faithfully,  
B. SOLOMON.

## ETON WAR MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum,

8 March 1917.

SIR,—It is possible that there may be some old Etonians who, like myself, without wishing to throw cold water on the proposed scheme for a memorial to Etonians who have fallen in the war, yet have their doubts as to whether there are not grave objections to the scheme as it stands.

Is it altogether an unmixed advantage that boys whose parents are not well enough off to send them to Eton without assistance, and who have probably to live economically in other ways, should be sent to so expensive a school as Eton, where they are thrown with boys to whom money is no object and where it is certainly not altogether easy to live economically, or to learn the economy which they will be called upon to practise in after life?

Would the boys themselves, if they knew it, like to feel that they were living on funds provided by a registered charity? For, although they are supposed not to know it, they are certain sooner or later to find it out.

Might it not be better to enlarge on the Royal founder's intentions, and increase the Foundations Scholarships, as the authorities of Wellington are wisely doing?

The boys would then, at any rate, have done something to justify the help which is given them, and would be selected for their intellectual merits, which would certainly be no disadvantage.

There are many of us who think the scheme premature. We have sons at the front whose lives are in the balance, and until we know their fate we could not possibly bring ourselves to subscribe to the memorial.

(The money subscribed has been ear-marked for a particular object; otherwise it might be thought by some that the memory of the dead would be more satisfactorily immortalised if the large sum subscribed were devoted to the prosecution of the war.)

It is unfortunate that so many old Etonians who had come from long distances to be present at the recent meeting at Lansdowne House, should not have been able to find accommodation and had to leave without having any opportunity of expressing their views, which might possibly have modified the decisions come to at the meeting.

Your obedient servant,  
OLD ETONIAN OF THE 'SIXTIES.



# "THE DOMESTIC CRIMES OF GERMANY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—No cause, however just or sacred, can in the long run benefit by misrepresentation, and, in fact, the surest way of destroying the force of a sound argument is to exaggerate the strong points until they become a mere caricature of the truth. As no more influential person has made any comment upon the figures regarding German crime, quoted in your issue of 3 March, I beg to be allowed to point out briefly, as I have shown at large elsewhere, that these figures, borrowed, I believe, from Dr. T. Smith's "Soul of Germany", are utterly fallacious. Dr. Smith has committed the fundamental blunder of ignoring our distinction between indictable and non-indictable offences. When he says that in Germany there are each year 172,153 cases of "feloniously wounding" (so he translates *Körperverletzungen*) to 1,262 in England, he is simply taking account of those cases of assault which are sufficiently serious to be committed for trial. The true proportion would be Germany 172,000, England and Wales 48,000, which, when allowance is made for difference of population, works out at something less than two assaults in Germany to one in England. The comparison as to murder cases is equally unreliable, though for a different reason. In sexual offences the proportion, when the correct figures are obtained, is enormously to the disadvantage of Germany. I do not think we should be far out if, after making all necessary allowances, we concluded that there were 15 such convictions in Germany for one in England. But even here Dr. Smith's figures are quite confused and unreliable, and the estimate of 90 to one is preposterous.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERBERT THURSTON.

## COINAGE DECIMALISATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove, 16 February 1917.

SIR,—I would invite your attention to a draft of a proposed Bill for the decimalisation of our coinage, published for general information in the "Times" Trade Supplement of February 1917. The draft is, apparently, to be circulated to the British Chambers of Commerce only, when, if approved, the Bill will be laid before Parliament. The question concerns other people besides members of the Chambers, and the terms of the Bill are well worth consideration. Compulsion is intended, for there is a clause making it illegal to use any other than the decimal "coins of account" as such, and making void any document in which, after the proposed date of the Act (1917), any other coins are mentioned. I may add that there is a very strong feeling among engineers and manufacturers that the Decimal Association is not "playing the game". The engineering professions and working classes are straining every nerve and devoting all their energies, mental and physical, to beating the enemy in munitions, ships, plant, etc. The Decimal Association chose this awful time, when their strongest opponents are either nearly worked to death at home or in the trenches abroad, to press the passage of an Act which the engineering classes of the country think unfair, injurious, and unnecessary. Without munitions, not human courage, gold, or credit are of avail. If any of the British deserve consideration, who but those men who have, for the nth time in our Island story, consecrated the British inch, the British pound weight, and the British penny with their blood and their sweat? Our export trade depends on the engineer and the manufacturer, and financiers and merchants are willing enough, when it suits them to do so, to proclaim that our exports must at least balance our imports; yet the same commercial community cannot refrain from constant nagging at and continual meddling with the units the engineering classes find essential to their business.

The first schedule at the end of the draft Bill ought to be a revelation to most people. It is proposed to retain the sovereign and the half-sovereign as they are. We are to have four-shilling and two-shilling pieces, and to abolish

the crown and the half-crown. The shilling is to be called a 50-cent piece and the sixpence a 25-cent piece. So far the coins seem merely to change their names; but, in spite of metric bounce that halves and quarters are permissible, we are to be deprived of the useful half-crown.

The penny and farthing (as we know them) are to be abolished, and in their place we are to get a British dime of 2'4d., a half-dime of 1'2d., a new penny of 0'96d., a new halfpenny of 0'48d., and a British cent, or new farthing, of 0'24d. That is, 12½ pennies will make a shilling, an "awkward, vile, intolerable, clumsy" number, worse, if anything, than the "5½ yards" which metric advocates so much object to as making the British 5-metre rod, pole, or perch! Further, no dealer in his senses could possibly take 0'96d. for our existing penny-worth; so, accepting the above two practical objections as insurmountable, it seems certain that the actual new penny must be the 5-cent half-dime, valued at 1'2d.

Your readers will notice that the smaller coins only are affected, and with them every small transaction. The poor, and men and women of moderate means, will pay for the privilege of decimalisation of the British coinage. Fluctuations in prices do not affect the issue, as that great man, Mr. Gladstone, plainly saw. Whatever the current prices at the time of the passing of this Act may be, the new penny will NOT be accepted as the equivalent of the present penny; and the next coin is nearly a penny-farthing in present values.

The most curious thing in the tangle is the inability of decimalists to perceive that for the purposes of accounting of all kinds, for wholesale and foreign trade, and in large transactions, they possess an invaluable decimal currency already. If the sovereign is divided into 1,000 imaginary cents of account, NOT COINED, the matter is perfectly clear. Sums can be stated and books kept in pounds, florins, and decimals of florins. For practical use, in home payments of all kinds, there would exist the sovereign of 1,000 cents, the half-sovereign of 500 cents, the crown of 250, the half-crown of 125, the florin of 100, the shilling of 50, the sixpence of 25, and the three-penny bit of 12½ "cents of account". For smaller sums only the practical equivalent for a cent would be an existing farthing. We merely divide the threepenny-bit into 12 convenient rather than 12½ inconvenient parts.

There is no case at all for "decimalisation" in either British currency or weights and measures, because we already have everything necessary for working in tens in both systems, with the power of using vulgar fractions as freely as decimals. The metric or decimal agitation is purely artificial and pedantic.

Yours, etc.,

E. A. W. PHILLIPS,

M.Inst.C.E.

## SCOTT AS STYLIST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 February 1917.

SIR,—The idea of Walter Scott as master of style has scarcely flitted across the vision of the fastidious: they might as soon seek the gift in William Cobbett. Robustious prose, with a language that upstands, is about as much as the preciosity of twenty years ago would have allowed to either. The presence of style in Wordsworth has been denied; is it likely that they would consent to it in Scott? Yet a great style could flash out in Scott—as his burning saying quoted lately in the SATURDAY REVIEW. People who flout the idea of style in Scott would scarcely fortify their argument by quoting some of his lyrics, for example:

"Proud Maisie is in the wood  
Walking so early.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me?'

—'When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye.'"

To question style in some of these lyrics of Scott's, radiant and dreadful, is as brave or foolish as to question it in, say, the "Twa Corbies".

In prose Scott could be very careless. He would not, in the haste of his inspiration, in his burning creative energy, stop to choose the exact word, to turn the exquisite phrase. It poured out from him in a tumult, and the result was often an entire absence of nicety. But at times he appears even to have dictated style, surely the rarest of literary feats. If "The Bride of Lammermoor" was, as I think I have read, dictated, there is at least one example therein: the story of the duel between Bucklaw and the Master of Ravenswood exhibits a perfection of style.

Yours, etc.,

A READER OF SCOTT.

### THE CASE FOR ECONOMIC REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Blackheath.

SIR,—Free Trade must stand or fall by its economic value. The idea was at one time prevalent that Free Trade would be the means of introducing an economic millennium, but that idea has for a long time been discarded. Indeed, considering the calls repeatedly made by the Government on the individual, in the shape of taxation, and the contra calls made by the individual upon the Government in the shape of redress of grievances, Free Trade has proved itself to be anything than a principle of freedom. It is the old tale of freedom hiding under the cloak of tyranny.

Now the real principle of freedom is, and, perforce, must be, a principle which guarantees safety and security of no matter what kind. Thus, trade and commerce, the basis of supply and demand, must be securely organised to be termed free. It is a queer kind of freedom which results in burdening the individual with heavy taxation, and the nation (or Government itself) with economic problems. Government, whether it is associated with the arbitrary laws (for all Government, by reason of its law, is arbitrary) of a monarch or a people, is mainly concerned with economics (the science of supply and demand); and no difference or distinction can be made between two forms which bear the same results. Thus, in the past, we have had stable monarchies and unstable republics, as well as stable republics and unstable monarchies. Their limits have been matters of principle—nothing more.

Good or bad government is a matter of principle or science, and it is always principle or science which counts, whether it comes from King, Lords, or Commons. Thus Free Trade may be said to be the economic (supply and demand) science of our present rulers. Yet, by some flaw, we seem to have got charlatanism in place of science—licence in place of freedom. Why is this? If the principle of Free Trade (as it is) is an economic principle, why is it associated with non-economic results? Results must always be the true test. It is because (and the proofs are herewith given) Free Trade is no more an economic principle of government than an absolute tariff (extreme Conservative) Government is.

It is time a clear distinction was made between these two particular forms of government, each representing, as it does, one of the two principles of supply and demand.

For instance, government by absolute tariffs panders to one economic principle, namely, Supply. The supply of the individual made by exportation is their national policy of economics. Hence tariffs or taxation of imports. Free Trade, on the other hand, panders to one economic principle, namely, Demand. The demand of the individual, made through imports, is the national policy of economics. Hence, indirectly, home taxation of individual supply, through the free entry of national (foreign) supplies, made through individual demand. That Free Trade penalises our exports (through the iniquitous form of income tax) must be plain to any business man or accountant. Income tax is a direct tariff on individual supply (exports), and that

this tax, under Free Trade, has reached an enormous figure, is proof enough that exemption from taxation on individual demand (cheap extravagance) is paid for in a correspondingly cheap (non-economic) manner, by taxation of individual supplies. Economic principle is just as rotten on the part of the individual to take from the nation that which it justly needs, as for a nation to take from the individual what the individual justly needs.

The amount lost by Free Trade through exemption of tariffs is, by its false system of economy, regained through income taxation. Moreover, the very exemption gives singular power to individuals (mere speculators) for exploiting and depreciating the sources (exports) of individual supply.

This anomaly in practice can be shown to be just as false by the anomaly in balance. No auditor of a business man's accounts would pass the following as sound forms of debit and credit.

On one side of the national balance-sheet income appears as an individual debit, and on the other as an individual credit. Reference is made to income tax and old age pensions.

Why is it that individual demand in one national sense becomes a form of individual supply in another national sense?

Free Trade, as a matter of fact, deprives the individual of supply in one way and gives it to him in another way. But what kind of economics is this, which, in the first instance, does a wrong, and, in the second instance, endeavours to make it good? Surely the proper title is patchwork economics.

If a captain steers his ship apart from the compass, he does so at his peril. If statesmen ignore the ruling science of supply and demand, they do so at their peril. But disaster to a nation is far greater than disaster to a vessel.

In the past, the alternate innings of Conservative and Liberal Governments have adjusted each other's tendencies to absolutism on these very principles of supply and demand. In the gradual evolution of Imperial needs, they have lost their national magnetism, which catastrophic upheaval will, and must, discover on a broader (Imperial) basis.

Free Trade discovers a national over-demand (foreign supply) equal to the surplus amount of importation over exportation. National over-demand not only means individual over-supply, but industrial penalties, like old age pensions, since it means depreciation, by way of taxation, of income which is not an outcome of mere speculation, but of actual production. The greater exportation is and the lesser importation is, the greater is national demand (individual supply) over national supply (individual demand).

The greater importation is and the lesser exportation is, the greater national supply (individual demand) over national demand (individual supply).

Here are two grand principles of waste which need a grand principle of balance. The grand principle which balances or adjusts is the science of government. Where, for instance, exports stand at, say, £634,820,326, and imports at £768,734,739, and income tax at £35,200,000, individual over-demand (national over-supply) stands at £98,714,413.

The very principle of the fact of taxing income is a proof of national over-supply (individual extravagance). The fact has to be faced, but it is the inevitable result of our Free Trade policy. The £35,200,000 income tax is the penalty paid by the people of a nation for national over-supply (individual over-demand).

Science, even the science of government, will not be tampered with. In spite of the £98,714,413 paid by the individual into foreign markets, home market prices can be as high, and even higher, with a Free Trade income tax of £35,200,000, as with a Tariff Trade with no income tax.

It is absurd for Free Traders to maintain that their principle is an adjusting principle of supply and demand, when it virtually corners supplies. Their principle has created what it was meant to avoid, namely, Free Trade on a waste basis of expenditure. Hence its economic impotence. It is impossible, on account of the limits of

space, to discuss by our Free Trade the appalling developed

Our Fiscal unity of economic of its high Science, security, as security al application absolute di Finally, of principle government governs, it the facts of

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space, to discover in detail the immensity of wrong created by our Free Trade system. Its immensity is to be seen in the appalling state of our economic troubles, which have developed from national into Imperial needs.

Our Fiscal adjustment is only to be found in the Imperial unity of trade principles, and Imperial divergence of economic interests can only rob the nation's success in arms of its highest or most vital value and importance.

Science, in the management of national affairs, spells security, as it does in the management of other affairs, and security alone spells freedom. It is only the scientific application of principle that can save the Empire from absolute disintegration.

Finally, it is foolish to imagine that scientific application of principle means the destruction of any particular form of government. It simply means that, whatever party governs, it must, like the captain of a vessel, be guided by the facts of science, otherwise disaster is bound to follow.

Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

#### A MYSTICAL QUATRAIN.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your reference to Persian mystical verse (SATURDAY REVIEW, 24th ult.) reminds me of my own attempts at translation from the Persian, one of which I venture to submit:—

"I've lost my child!"—a father rends the air

With cries, and roams the city in despair—

Meantime the babe, without or stir or start,  
Safe on his shoulder, sleeps forgotten there.

So some unto the wilderness depart,

And leave their home, their husbandry, their mart,

To seek in vain at distant shrines the God  
Whose chosen temple is in each man's heart."

I have tried to preserve the quatrain form of the original and to dispense with the unrhymed ending of the third verse.

Yours, etc.,

B.C.S. (Retired).

#### EDUCATION AND EUGENICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 December 1916.

SIR,—I know that it's no good telling people the truth unless they want to believe it. But I am sick of reading in your columns and elsewhere interminable arguments about education, both mental and physical. Can't people see (or is it that they don't wish to see?) that the chief thing about education (whether mental or physical) is to have something worth educating? If we do away with (as we have done to a great extent) the law of survival of the fittest, and substitute nothing better than charitable aid of various sorts (including education), and our present marriage law, is it not clear that the percentage of unfit must increase, and the percentage of the fit decrease continually, and also be increasingly penalised?

Neither education nor training can help us much, because you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. In fact, in the case of weaklings, it often does more harm than good, apart from the expenditure involved.

What can we think of a law which takes the trouble to stop a man from marrying his grandmother and allows him to marry his first cousin? A law which allows a decrepit man of 80 to marry a healthy girl of 18? A law which doesn't care twopence whether the parties are healthy or not? A law which (until lately) prohibited marriage with a deceased wife's sister, while allowing every day incomparably greater evils without protest? A law which strains at the gnat and swallows the camel—what can be thought of such a law?

Let us steal a march on Germany, and for once in a

way be first to her second. Education is all right as far as it goes, but why try to erect a showy building on an unsound foundation?

Why not begin at the beginning, or at any rate as near to the beginning as possible? Arguments against eugenics are just blind conservatism and nothing else.

Is not the prohibition against marrying your aunt only primitive eugenics? And what harm does it do to anybody? Who wants to repeal this law? Why not go a step further? How many would protest against a similar law regarding first cousins?

Yours truly,

GUY PORTER.

#### HAPPY HAMMERSMITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At Shepherd's Bush, quite irrespective of the market, and the stalls under the arches, one can get things at practically pre-war prices, and under nice conditions. Restaurant rates are most reasonable: one can get a cup of tea at 1½d. or 2d. (with a generous amount of sugar!); currant buns, 1d.; smart caps can be purchased at 9d.; and envelopes 1d. per packet. Second-hand books are most cheap, while ladies' articles of wear are correspondingly reasonable.

Yours, etc.,

A.

#### THE TICHBORNE CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Two of your correspondents have admitted the wonderful facial resemblance which the Tichborne Claimant had to the real Roger Tichborne, but they consider that, on the other hand, the evidence was almost entirely against him. And yet many considered that the balance of evidence was in his favour, and that he possessed all the marks and physical peculiarities of Tichborne, save only the disputed tattoo marks, which, many declared, were not on Tichborne's arm at all. Certain it is that when the Claimant was cross-examined at the Law Institution in 1867, he was not asked if he had any tattoo marks. They were first mentioned in the Common Pleas in 1871.

As to the absurd confession which the man made—inconsistent as it was with the evidence on both sides—he repudiated it before the year was out in which he made it—viz., 1895; and from then until his death in 1898 he declared himself to be the real Roger Tichborne.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. F.

#### WANTED—A CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft,

Near Leeds,

5 March 1917.

SIR,—I have before me a letter from a well-known farmer, a County Councillor, and ardent Conservative worker in this neighbourhood, in which he says: "I have spent a great part of my time over a number of years in supporting party against party, but am now about tired of the whole business".

Now my correspondent is not weary of politics because he has ceased to be a Conservative, but because the Conservative party, in a paroxysm of patriotism, has thrown overboard its convictions and become the mere creature of its astute Radical opponents, forgetting in its enthusiasm that the preservation of its principles would have been a most valuable contribution to the solution of the various problems which will arise after the war.

Everywhere you meet with the same attitude, and find men declaring that they "are sick of party politics", and expressing a hope that some sort of "national party" may be possible. Unfortunately, a national party is almost as impossible as a national religion, since men's views

differ so widely as to the aims and ends of government and the means by which these ends should be achieved. During war we may sink our differences, for war is destructive, but when peace returns these differences will reappear, since peace is constructive. Men with quite antagonistic views may join in pulling down a Bastille, but when it comes to building it, or some substitute, up again then their differences come to light once more.

Fifty years ago the party system was a good working method of government, since each of the two great parties had behind it some definite principle. Conservatism stood for the preservation of the aristocratic element in the British Constitution and in our institutions generally, holding that authority and responsibility should go together, while Liberalism stood for *laissez faire*; but both parties respected individual freedom. To-day the liberty of the subject is spurned on all sides and State interference as a substitute for individual energy is accepted as inevitable.

It is doubtless true that many of the leading Conservatives assume the rôle of Radicals most reluctantly, but does their reluctance justify the elaborate and costly party organisation which we are expected to help to maintain? Further, if the foundations of society are to be uprooted, had not the work better be done by those who believe in the uprooting rather than by those who have hitherto opposed it tooth and nail?

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

#### TOUJOURS EN VEDETTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Athenæum Club.

SIR,—Emile Olivier said in 1870 that he entered the war "with a light heart"; Marshal Leboeuf told the French nation "not a button was wanting to a gaiter". Those two phrases stuck to those two men for the rest of their lives and ruined them. They are on a par with Mr. Asquith's hopeless, helpless "Wait and see"; and Lord Haldane's "spiritual friends", and Mr. Churchill's "Bolting and barring the door" against our Colonials, who had fought and bled for us in the Transvaal, and who have come as nobly as ever to help us now. These words of our ministers are remembered by all; but with the aid of the Potsdam Diary it will be found that equally idiotic ones have been said by nearly everyone of the short-sighted, legal failures who, from 1906 to 1914, did so much, by their unctuous flattery of Germany, and everything German, to let us in for all the misery of this horrible war. But just as the two Frenchmen and our ministers have suffered from a phrase, so the present German Chancellor, Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg, may live to do so. For, speaking of the future of Germany (26 February), he said that "Prussia, in the words of Frederick the Great, must always be 'Toujours en vedette'." It is fortunate he has told us this. Now we know where we are. Our peace cranks and gentlemen who have suddenly found out that they have such a thing as a conscience since the world began, can put that in their pipe. However much the "hidden hand" may shell out, it won't be easy to explain that phrase away. We English are an easily-fooled, good-natured, *laissez-faire* sort of people—that is proved by our having tolerated such a transparent fraud as Free Trade; but when the day of reckoning comes, if the Huns are going to be "toujours en vedette", we and our Allies must make our arrangements accordingly. Both Frenchmen and Belgians have told me, and they have been the chief sufferers, and are a remarkably practical people, that there are two things to be remembered—viz., we must level to the ground all the German factories we can, otherwise in the commercial race of the future they will not get a fair start; and, secondly, that the wings of the Prussian eagle (or shall we say vulture?) must, in the future, have its claws and wings so closely clipped that it cannot pounce on its peaceful neighbours whenever it suits that very cunning and rapacious bird. So if we are wise, if we are

to have peace and quietude after the war, instead of allowing Lord Haldane's "spiritual friends" to be "toujours en vedette", we must take precious good care to make them "toujours en repos". It will be a good thing for them, though it may necessitate a change in their national habits; and an equally good thing for their neighbours and for us.

Yours, etc.,

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

#### THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Elson, in his reply to my letter published in your columns, appears to me to give away his whole case. My point was that if left to themselves the German people, after the war, would almost as a matter of course sweep away the rule of the Hohenzollerns. That, to my mind, is the most important consideration with which we have to deal at the moment, and this, I submit, Mr. Elson concedes when he says:—

"Is it necessary to point out that neither the Prussian system nor the Hohenzollerns have ever been particularly loved outside of Prussia? The other states of the German Empire have accepted Prussian leadership in the past for the benefits it brought them. To-day they know that its results are suffering and loss."

Surely, if that be so, and the German people in fact realise it, there is no need for Mr. Elson to worry himself about a National Movement in this country to ensure the thing that must be a logical outcome of such a state of mind among the German peoples as he apparently admits does in fact exist.

Yours faithfully,

W.

#### THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Dagenham Road,

Rusholme, Manchester,

6 March 1917.

SIR,—As Mr. Spurgeon truly said: "The world is in the Church, and the Church in the world".

Is not this the secret of the Church—of all the denominations' bewilderment and dismay, in face of the problems arising out of this great European war?

Have we not all, more or less, ceased to preach and believe in the old Gospel as a potent remedy and unfailing panacea for all the sins and evils of mankind? We are all far too much of the world in principle, maxim, and general rule of life. The Biblical idea of complete separation and isolation in spirit and temper from the world is to-day but little understood or else ignored by Christian leaders and Christian people generally.

Consequently we, as Churches and individuals, are, like Samson, shorn of strength, or at least denuded of full and proper strength and ability to grapple with social, moral, industrial and religious problems and questions affecting the good and welfare of the nation at large.

Is there nobody wise enough, bold enough, and Christian enough, to stand by good President Wilson and to seek peace and to ensue and pursue it?

Have we not had more than enough of the sorrows and desolations of war? Is it not a disgrace to us in this vaunted and enlightened twentieth century to have any war at all?

What about our boasted civilisation and Christianity generally?

Are not both civilisation and true Christianity, and due and true Christian precept and practice, opposed to and thoroughly incompatible with war?

Yours faithfully,

(REV.) WILLIAM WILSON.



## REVIEWS.

## GALLOWAY AND CARRICK.

"Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick." By the Rev. C. H. Dick. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Macmillan. 6s. net.

IT was in a happy moment that Messrs. Macmillan committed "Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick" to the joint labours of the Rev. C. H. Dick with the pen and Mr. Hugh Thomson with the pencil. No fitter pair of collaborators could be found, and the result is seen in the very book to take with one into that romantic angle of Scotland, which lies well aside of the beaten tourist track. It is no guide-book of the common kind, for although Mr. Dick does not neglect the highways, it is the byways which he traverses with most zest on his bicycle, and it is on these that he gathers the richest sheaves of legendary and historic lore, to be woven into most readable narrative.

As for Mr. Thomson, his pencil has lost none of its deftness and charm; he has still the knack of rendering the spirit and atmosphere of a scene without distorting topographical details. It is a relief to escape from the ruthless precision of photography, which renders a wire fence as inexorably as it does a weathered pine, and to dwell on such masterly "thumbnails" as the view of Port-o'-Warren (p. 61), Kirkcudbright Castle (p. 96), and the Norman chancel arch of Cruggelton (p. 223).

Starting at the ancient bridge spanning the Nith at Dumfries, Mr. Dick takes his leisurely way westward through Maxwellton, which, he is careful to note, is not the Maxwellton braes

"Where me and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true".

Annie was the daughter of Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, some ten miles up the Nith, who was created a baronet in 1682, and the swain was William Douglas, who lived at Fingland, near Dalry.

All the region west of the Nith is thickly sown with memories of "auld lang syne". Here it was that Ninian came as pioneer missionary to the Picts in the fourth century, leaving his shrine in Whithorn as a place of pilgrimage for the contrite of all Western Europe. Here, among the fastnesses of Glentrool and Merrick, Robert the Bruce, though closely beset on all sides by King Edward's troops, managed, with the help of good Sir James Douglas, to gather to his standard the nucleus of that army with which he won back the independence of Scotland. Here, in the cruel "killing time", many a staunch Covenanter laid down his life rather than desert his faith. Mr. Dick has reverently transcribed the inscriptions on many memorials that were once the special care of Old Mortality.

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of silent, vanished  
races,  
And winds austere and pure."

It is to memories of the heroes and martyrs of the Covenant that the hill shepherds of Galloway and villagers of the low country have clung most passionately hitherto, however much these memories may be overlaid and blurred for coming generations by the rivers of Scottish blood now flowing in France and Flanders.

The following passage, taken at random, may serve to illustrate Mr. Dick's manner and method:

"Soon after my first glimpse of Solway I saw Carsethorn. Some travellers might think the inducements to go there pathetically slight. I was adhering, however, to my plan of following the coast-line closely. Carsethorn, moreover, is the first village in Galloway that fronts the Solway. Another point was that it has

received the most cursory notice in such works as Mr. Harper's 'Rambles in Galloway' and the Stewartry guide-book, where it is merely mentioned as being visible from the road. It seemed a poor thing to leave it at that; to explore the rest of Galloway and know nothing more of Carsethorn than just the memory of a distant jumble of whitewashed cottages standing against the shining Firth, and I was the more willing to be there that the afternoon was wearing on, and the map told me I should find an inn, and an inn suggested the thought of tea."

He found his inn; he had his tea, and, as it began to blow and rain, he also found a bed there.

"Before going to bed I threw up the window and looked out on darkness, seeing nothing but points of light—the stars—for the sky had cleared, and a little constellation low down made by the lamps of Silloth. The full tide was washing quietly against the shingly beach within a short stone-throw of my window, but the darkness was too deep for the water to be seen. Looking out upon the night, I recalled the tale of a small vessel sailing up the Firth amid darkness and storm about the end of the year 1733. There had come a lull in the tempest, the black clouds parted, and the moonlight broke through, revealing to the eyes of the seamen the crests of the tossing waves, and also what they took to be a sail a mile or two behind them. As they watched, however, it seemed to be overhauling them rapidly, in spite of the strong north-east wind. The clouds obscured the moon once more and left them wondering. When the light shone forth again it showed a great state-coach, drawn by six black horses, with outriders, coachmen, footmen, torch-bearers, and followers, driving over the waves. The skipper, steeling himself to hail the apparition, ran forwards and cried: 'Where bound, and where from?' The answer came: 'To tryst with Lagg: Dumfries: from Hell!' Such is the legend of the passing of the soul of Sir Robert Grierson. He had been notorious as a persecutor of the Covenanters."

This is fine writing, not in the spurious sense of straining after fine phrases, but in the true sense of using the best plain words to describe a homely experience and repeat a local legend. The impression on a reader's mind is correspondingly vivid.

We cannot endorse all Mr. Dick's explanation of place-names. In this he has followed too blindly Mr. Johnstone's glossary. For instance, to account for an obviously Teutonic or Scandinavian name like Glasserton as being the Gaelic *glas airtein*, "stream with pebbles or flints", betrays an endeavour to find a meaning at any cost of probability. There are no flints in Galloway, and it would be a curious stream that had no pebbles in it in that stony province.

There is a serious omission in Mr. Thomson's otherwise accurate drawing of the Peter Stone at Whithorn (p. 239). He has left out the loop, representing the Greek P on the right of the upper limb of the cross, the symbol which, it was said, appeared to the Emperor Constantine, was adopted in his "labarum" or standard, and has been found only upon three ancient crosses in Scotland, all of them in Galloway.

## SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.

"The England of Shakespeare." By P. H. Ditchfield. With 12 Illustrations. Methuen. 6s. net.

"Shakespeare Criticism: A Selection." With an Introduction by D. Nichol Smith. H. Milford. 1s. 3d. net.

THE Tercentenary of Shakespeare last year was marked by honorific celebrations, but there was no such revival of Shakespeare's plays as might have been expected if he was, as a romantic actor affirmed, "our darling Shakespeare". A scholar of taste and distinction explained that the way to understand Shakespeare was to read him; but the potent voices who decide what the public is to see in our theatres clearly thought the "darling" out of date as a dramatist. It might have been sound business to have more than one "Hamlet" running at once, for that is

a play which, looked at solely from the commercial point of view, has a remarkable record of success on the English stage. But—business is business, and other kinds of diversions continued to draw big money from the playgoing public. Shakespeare, it is true, had some reputation as a wag in his own day, but modern frivolity has passed him by, and prefers, or is supposed by theatre managers to prefer, an up-to-date collection of gravity-removing incidents.

Interest in Shakespeare, then, was mainly confined to the reader, who had the chance, if he chose, of examining a number of occasional publications. Few of these were of real importance, and a select list of the best work of the past would have been a more useful tribute to the genius of our national poet. There was, however, one monumental book, the tribute of serious scholars in all sorts of special departments, the two volumes published by the Oxford University Press on "Shakespeare's England". Compared with that, Mr. Ditchfield's 300 pages or so on "The England of Shakespeare" are, as he neatly says, but "a cock-boat beside a galleon". But there is room for both, and Mr. Ditchfield, though he gives us little that is original, and does not pretend to cover the large field implied in his title, writes in a style that is likely to be popular, and supplies an excellent selection of passages illustrating the time from travellers and other observant contemporaries of the age of Elizabeth, as well as critics of to-day. We can hardly agree that "Shakespeare reflects more than anyone else the thought and spirit of that age". He so frequently goes beyond it. Ben Jonson is, as Mr. Ditchfield has seen, the typical dramatist and portrayer of the manners of the period, a university wit, quarrelsome, conceited, pragmatical, pedantic, and self-important. Shakespeare is none of these things. The Sonnets give us a hint of a tempestuous career and a daring intercourse with strange minds. Otherwise Shakespeare—Masson has put the point well in his "Shakespeare Personally"—stands apart from his age, shrouded in an impersonal reserve. We have evidence that he was excellent company—the one conclusion that we could have reached unassisted—but outside his obvious associates he seems to have made no great impression on the world with which he mixed. That world was one of men of action, and Shakespeare's was eminently the brooding temperament. He was intensely moved, we cannot doubt, by England's great sea fight, but he left no single line upon it. He saw the Court, he saw, and saw through, the Tudor Queen, and paid her an elegant minimum of compliments.

The age was one it is easy to idealise. That is the reflection of the real student of it. Creighton's description with regard to the Church is as likely to be as fair as any:

"It is well to abandon all illusions about the sixteenth century. There were strong men, there were powerful minds, but there was a dearth of beautiful characters. A time of revolt and upheaval is a time of one-sided energy and of moral uncertainty, of hardship, of unsound argument, of imperfect self-control, of vacillation, of self-seeking. It is difficult in such a time to find heroes—to discover a man whom we can unreservedly admire."

That, we think, is true, and even admired mirrors of courtesy and knighthood may be discovered implicated in transactions calculated to shock the moralist of the nineteenth century, though not, perhaps, so much his successor in the twentieth. The world has learnt how to compromise and to sentimentalise. In the sixteenth century the English were something like a fierce Old Testament people. In the twentieth they have watered down the New Testament to a comfortable creed. The audience which enjoyed "Titus Andronicus" would have been, perhaps, better fitted to meet the horrors of war than that which rejoices in "Charley's Aunt". If Queen Elizabeth chose for her disport the baiting of bulls and bears, she had the merits of her defects in that respect. Autolycus said that "every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work". Is there less

picking and stealing to-day, or is it carried out in a meaner and more sophisticated spirit? The football of Shakespeare's day was the affair of a disorganised rabble, in which tempers ran high. Mr. Ditchfield has discovered in his Berkshire registers a parson who avenged the ill-treatment of his sons in a football scrimmage by drawing a dagger and breaking two heads, with fatal results, but we do not suppose that the professional trickery of football to-day was common in Elizabethan times. At any rate, it would have been denounced, as it is in Shakespeare. The "base football player" would have been scorned.

Mr. Ditchfield is at his best in dealing with architecture and country life, and gives a useful survey of the notable buildings of London in Shakespeare's time, also of the country round Stratford, though here he is occasionally vague. His account of the Rollright Stones, for instance, would puzzle anybody who had not seen them. What are the Whispering Knights, and where are they in relation to the main circle and the King's Stone? Shakespeare has very little detail concerning castles or old monuments of any kind, and it is quite likely that he took no interest in the stones of Kenilworth or Warwick Castle, much as he appreciated any human drama that took place there. The quotation from Congreve,

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile!"

introduced, according to Boswell, by Johnson as a fine passage beyond Shakespeare, is sound in this light. It shows a new taste for architecture as such. We do not suppose that Shakespeare viewed with the emotion proper to the modern cultivated mind the glorious house of Compton Wynyates, not far from Stratford. He certainly did view with a loving eye the country flowers, though he missed, for some reason, the water-lily, and was not enchanted by the sentimental associations of the forget-me-not.

On the disputed ground of education Mr. Ditchfield does not enter to any extent. Here the evidence is made up of scattered hints, and the unusual accomplishments of a few high-placed persons may lead to a false estimate of the general standard. Sir Thomas More could produce from the letters of his "best beloved wenches", Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilie, things to surprise bishops; but his daughters were rare young women in his time or any time. Even the Platonism which the Renaissance brought into fashion among superior circles was a vague and superficial sort of plaything.

Making all due allowances for the exigencies of war time, we must still consider Mr. Ditchfield curiously careless in small details. Any Latin scholar could make obvious emendations in the lines on p. 200, and there are several misquotations of passages and names that should be familiar as household words. His selections from representative views of the period are the strong point of his book.

An excellent start in the selection of Shakespearean criticism, of which we spoke above, is made in the little volume of critical selections in "The World's Classics", edited by Mr. Nichol Smith. His judicious Introduction explains the advances and changes in criticism during the centuries. That of the first half of the nineteenth century he calls "our greatest, alike in range and insight and in stimulus", while he points out the dangers of its freedom. At the same time, he does full justice to the sound sense of the eighteenth century, which reached real greatness in Morgann's "Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff". Morgann was far ahead of his time; he was unknown to Coleridge and Hazlitt, and remains unknown to many students of to-day. Whether they revel in the criticism of the twentieth century we do not know; but after a fairly diligent application to such studies we have found nothing at all equal to Mr. A. C. Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy", which, though published in 1904, Mr. Smith calls "the last great representative of nineteenth-century criticism". This book of Mr. Bradley's, with another, "Oxford Lectures on Poetry", which includes an admirably

subtle and Henry V., given in "expected" since exposed indolent to be glad to a cheap criticism Mr. Smith he was in criticism, developme Germans sources a their pon knows, a sense need liberal e that their doubt, wi at all. O extraordin spaire, h Englishm ponder an understan belongs to

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subtle and penetrating discussion of Falstaff and Henry V., deserves all the praise that Mr. Smith has given in it. "Nothing better in its kind need be expected", and many infinitely worse things have been since exposed to the world and commended by the indolent reviewer as worth examination. We should be glad to see Mr. Bradley's Shakespearian work in a cheaper form. It is the crowning example of a criticism which has always been native. Coleridge, as Mr. Smith points out, "resented the suggestion that he was in any way indebted to the Germans". His criticism, like that of Hazlitt, "is a natural and direct development from earlier English criticism". The Germans have done useful work in the investigation of sources and the production of parallel passages, but their ponderous guesses at things every Englishman knows, and their laborious misconstructions of plain sense need not now, we hope, be considered part of a liberal education. We know—abundantly to-day—that their sense of humour is not ours. We may even doubt, with Nietzsche, if they have a sense of humour at all. Other foreign criticism, acute as it often is, has extraordinary lapses in taste and discernment. Shakespeare, however neglected by the English, remains the Englishman's birthright. The rest may plunder and ponder and blunder: the English are the best fitted to understand the supreme English genius, though he belongs to the whole world.

#### AN AMERICAN HUMORIST.

"Further Foolishness: Sketches and Satires of the Follies of the Day." By Stephen Leacock. 3s. 6d. net.

**A**JEST'S prosperity, when it gets into cold print, lies largely in its setting. It shines most convincingly, like the sudden sun on a grey day, when it shocks us in a solemn context. Such is the humour of Stubbs in his historical writings, and we wonder whether the "Elements of Political Science"—the very title seems a jest to those who know the totally unscientific ways of politicians—by the head of the Department of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal, is distinguished by the prosperous, because infrequent jest. A whole book of jests, if we follow this theory of humour, should not be read at once, or read in combination with Marcus Aurelius, or, say, a bundle of Blue-books. And, if these are beyond the reader's powers, he should take "Further Foolishness" by degrees, instead of getting an overdose of fun in over 200 pages. Mr. Leacock can be both pointed and amusing, and is a welcome addition to the few people who show the world its fads and follies, its absurd zeal for these superfluities which for the time it regards as necessities. Fashions in life and letters are always amusing, if one could but see it; but it takes a great deal of courage to be a humorous writer, and more to keep up one's standard of humour. A vulgar person, whose vernacular we reproduce on account of its discernment, explained to us once that there were three stages in an author's career. He was on the hop, on the top, and on the slop. We hope that Mr. Leacock will stop at the second stage. In his present book he makes fair game of the fiction of to-day, though the desire for being as brief as possible is characteristic, we think, of the American rather than the English story-teller. The hero in the most admired British examples flows on, like Tennyson's brook, and we may return to the great ones of an earlier day, who kept enough of their hair and digestion and general turn-out to appeal successfully to the ingenuous and marriageable young thing in the third volume. The difficulty might be to find the ingenuous young thing to-day; but, after all, fiction is fiction, and prospers, perhaps, because it is so unlike life.

Mr. Leacock ends with his own views on humour, and has, amongst other things, been accused, it appears, of "myosis". The person who allowed the word to be printed so must have been a myope. The humour of Scotland is undoubtedly grim in its most

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characteristic form, but it does well in America told as American, and reappears in this country with all the éclat belonging to its supposed origin. We do not think that Mr. Leacock is quite fair in giving his idea of the English anecdote par excellence. No doubt there is a good deal of snobbery about, but it is not confined to this country. Stupid tellers of stories are also common everywhere, as the author hints. What we feel about American humour is that, like American oratory, it has great points. But both are apt to be overdone. Impromptus too carefully prepared lose their lightness, and the lengthy joke occasionally justifies La Fontaine's remark, "Un auteur gâte tout quand il veut trop bien faire". Mr. Leacock belongs to Montreal, but he has been in Chicago. He is so clever that he has long put out of date as a criticism of his city Samuel Butler's "O God! O Montreal!" but he sometimes makes us think of La Fontaine.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Some Defects in English Religion, and Other Sermons." By John Neville Figgis. R. Scott. 2s. 6d. net.

A master of the philosophic ideas of history, and equally at home with Bernard Shaw or Nietzsche and the significant movements of to-day in letters, Dr. Figgis is a preacher of an unusual sort. He says, "Thou ailest here and here", and the judgments of his alert and subtle mind are worth attention. Whether we agree or not we must admire his outspokenness. He does not hesitate to describe sentimentalism as "the most glaring vice of English religion". St. John, he says, "knew very well the danger of love's becoming merely a luxury". At the opposite pole to sentimentalism is legalism: "Its god is an irate governess. Sentimentalism lands us in the denial of all principle. Legalism reduces Eternal Love to a pettifogging attorney".

Yet in religion, as in all society, law is inherent; otherwise we should have not a Church, but "a fortuitous concourse of pietistic atoms". On "Cowardice" and the English reticence concerning religion Dr. Figgis very justly remarks: "No one understands the English who has no sympathy with the strange *ελπίδα* which takes the pose of carelessness just when we are most deeply concerned". Here is a live preacher who understands and is not afraid to speak his mind. In a sermon on "The Sword and the Cross" Dr. Figgis says clearly that "unless we can pray to God for success we have no right to be in this conflict; to suggest the contrary is to cast a slur upon the functions of our soldiers and all these brave Belgians. Personally, I believe that at this moment no man is more truly working for the cause of God in the world than the soldier in the trenches; and I would I were serving Him half as well". Meeting the objections often raised, he says, "We cannot do without force in life. The purpose of Christianity is to consecrate force and use it rightly, not to do the impossible and leave the world to anarchy". The danger for a philosopher fond of epigram is that he will be above his audience or tend to over-elaboration. Here, we notice, most of the sentences are simple and short. Dr. Figgis is modern in this respect, as he is in quoting a *Times* leader or Lord Morley, as well as ecclesiastics like Father Stanton. One of his points is that the clergy do not study as they used to, and so are out of touch with the ideas around them.

"The Resources of the Empire." By J. Watson Grice. Part I.—The British Empire. Atheneum Press, 13 Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. 1s. net.

A pamphlet is usually a one-sided, partisan publication, richer in bias than in style or argument. The booklets of the "International Information Series", of which Dr. Grice's is the first instalment, are another sort of affair. The General Editor, Mr. René Francis, has secured a strong committee of responsible people to back the series, which will form, when complete, a systematic exposition of the origin, constitution, resources and general conditions of the British Empire.

"What should they know of England who only England know?" asked Mr. Kipling, and the general public knows far too little of the making and maintaining of Great and Greater Britain. They have a good chance of reducing their ignorance in this "Information Series", which is in the hands of experts. We notice, for instance, that Sir Harry Johnston is to deal with "East African Protectorates" and Prof. H. E. Armstrong with "Chemicals". Dr. Grice's survey is lucid, well written, and well printed in clear type. He tells us many significant things about production and development, and competition which has been too lightly regarded—e.g. the "persistent and unfortunately successful attempt to control the metal supplies of the world" by the Germans.

The effective distribution of the labour power of the Empire will be a pressing problem after the war. Dr. Grice considers a

comprehensive scheme of Imperial organisation "imperatively necessary." He points out that the white population of the Empire is much smaller than is often supposed. It amounts to only 58 millions, and of these only 14 millions are employed on agriculture. The section on "Growth of an Imperial Economic Policy" contains some striking statistics, the leading foreign nations being compared with the Empire in 1913, the last full year of peace. The question is more complicated than it might appear at first sight, for goods to a large amount from our Dominions are sent to the United Kingdom to be sent on thence to many other countries. On the whole, the statistics of the Empire's trade are declared to "afford justification for a feeling of satisfaction that the Dominions have progressively supplied the needs of the Mother Country." It is recognised that the connection has been encouraged by the preferential treatment which each of the Dominions give to various products and manufactures. Enough is quoted to show the importance of this arrangement, if, indeed, that is necessary to-day, and methods by which better organization can be secured are briefly mentioned. These methods will be expensive, but we have learnt by this time the value of Imperial Co-operation and the necessity of protecting ourselves and the supplies on which our position in the world depends.

"Oxford University Press: General Catalogue." November 1916. Humphrey Milford.

"You must remember that in our Universities Plato is held to be little better than a misleader of youth; and they have shown their contempt for him, not only by never reading him (a mode of contempt in which they deal very largely), but even by never printing a complete edition of him; although they have printed many ancient books, which nobody suspects to have been ever read on the spot, except by a person attached to the press, who is therefore emphatically called 'the reader'."

Such is the bitter comment of the author of "Crotchet Castle". A glance at this extensive and well-illustrated catalogue will show how things have changed at Oxford since Peacock's day. A uniform classical series has come late, it is true, but is now well advanced, and the reproach about Plato has been removed by the complete edition of Prof. Burnet. A note informs us that this task has been more than once essayed, but never completed in any country since Stalbaum's edition. The Oxford Classical Texts were begun in 1898, and it is interesting to learn that just before the war their "low price was made the subject of serious remonstrance from Germany itself". There were, of course, some excellent editions of the classics available earlier. Dindorf's text of Sophocles (1860) in the "minor edition" is a delightful book. In English classics, as well as the works which naturally belong to a learned University, the Clarendon Press has long since made an enviable reputation. The "Oxford Poets" are by this time a goodly company, though we are as yet without Landor, and we observe also a great choice of verse from America to Japan and several neat anthologies.

"The Oxford Sheet Almanack" is the 242nd of the series begun in 1674, and that for this year will have a chromo-collotype of Turner's water-colour drawing of the Radcliffe Camera from Brasenose. Under the title "Oxford India Paper Books" will be found some examples of the "infinite riches in a little room" achieved by this discovery. The volume, indeed, is full of details which arrest attention, and need not plead the limits imposed by the circumstances of the time. Judicious readers will preserve it as an attractive book of reference.

The Press in earlier days used to ask in its advertisement columns for hints concerning suitable publications. Publishers go their own way now, and are probably overdone with advice. Otherwise we might note that the only entry under Lockhart in the excellent Index refers to his "History of Napoleon", and Lockhart, though he wrote "lady's Greek without accents", got a First Class at Oxford.

A pamphlet with illustrations of "Memorials" in stained glass, stone, wood and alabaster has been issued by the Applied Arts Society, Leyton Road, Harpenden, Herts. We welcome its appearance, for there is nothing in which the public taste is so deficient as the form and details of memorials of various kinds. We do not lack designers of talent, if only authorities would give them a chance, but usually commercial firms are left to supply their stock patterns, which are by no means models of art, or, as in the case of a recent memorial to Lord Kitchener in the City, the problem of artistic choice is solved by deliberate imitation of a design centuries old. What horror can be achieved or permitted by the man who has no idea of art every man of taste knows. Fortunately there is something like a general appeal for better things to-day when the nation has so much to do to record the services of its fallen heroes. Mr. F. C. Eden's designs, to which a few notes are added, show both simple and elaborate forms of mural tablets, outdoor memorials, crosses, etc. The "boast of heraldry" is introduced into some, but we are glad to see that ornamentation is restrained and that good taste prevails in the important matter of lettering.

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